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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE REPOSITORY OF TRUE
CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

THE difference between Christianity and Heathenism showed itself as soon as the disciples of our Saviour commenced their work, in the charity which animated the former, and the entire want of it, which characterized the latter.

A like difference exists between Catholicity and Protestantism. The want of charity in Protestantism of course is not so marked as in Heathenism, because after falling away from the Church the Reformers were, to some extent, under the influence of her teachings, and were unconsciously influenced both by their own antecedents and by the example of charity, which the Church constantly exhibited. They continued, too, to hold fragmentary portions of the body of truth which the Catholic Church believes, and which was committed to her to preserve and to teach. And as truth finds its perfect fulfilment in charity, and ever impels those who hold the

truth towards charity as its own proper end, so among the schismatical sects, the obligations of charity are never entirely lost sight of, although in practice shamefully neglected, and in principle greatly misunderstood.

There is this obvious difference, too, between the relations to charity both theoretical and practical of the Catholic Church, on the one hand, and of Protestantism on the other. In the case of the first, charity is taught and practiced as a matter of perpetual and universal obligation, as constituting in principle the very life and soul of true religion, and in practice its ripest fruit and highest development. In the case of the second, it is represented as a virtue, but not by any means as the highest form of Christian virtue, nor as an essential element of Christianity; but as a virtue, which, under some circumstances, and at some times, may be left unprac-

ticed, and ignored in view of other matters of greater importance and higher obligation.

That we are not doing injustice to Protestantism in thus speaking, is shown by the frequency with which Protestant writers excuse the manifest want of charity exhibited by the Reformers and their adherents during the "Reformation" and subsequently, on the ground that the times were unfavorable for the exercise of this virtue, and that the Reformers were naturally men of energetic temperament and stern character, that the influences that surrounded them were illy calculated to make them amiable or tenderhearted, and that they were too much engrossed with other and more important subjects, to give the subject of charity that consideration, which under different circumstances and in a different age, would have been proper. The fact that this apology, constantly repeated under different forms, for the shortcomings of Protestantism, is generally accepted by Protestants as sufficient, proves conclusively, that they do not regard charity as of perpetual obligation, nor as a necessary and essential element of true Christianity.

This broad and fundamental difference between Catholicity and Protestantism, however, we hope to make more obvious towards the close of our remarks; we, therefore, pass on to illustrate from the records of the Church in past ages, how she has ever met and been justified by the test which our Saviour himself established for determining who were truly His followers. In doing this too, we shall furnish incidentally an exposure of the fal-

lacious apology by which Protestantism seeks to excuse, but by which she really condemns herself for her admitted want of charity.

When we open the earliest records of the Christian Church, the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, we are confronted by language which proves that to the Church, the duty of charity was revealed as a matter of perpetual, constant obligation, whose practice was the sum of the religion of our Saviour, and which was not secondary to any other Christian virtues, but to which all other forms of Christian life and virtue were subsidiary.

"I give you a new commandment," says our Saviour, "that you have charity for one another." "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples." "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." "Let all your actions be done in charity." "The end of the commandment is, charity from a pure heart, and a good conscience, and an unfeigned faith." "Before all things have a mutual charity among yourselves: for charity covereth a multitude of sins." "Above all things, have charity, which is the bond of perfection." "If I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And if I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." "And now there remain faith, hope, and charity,

these three: but the greatest of these is charity."

Equally explicit is the language of our Saviour and His Apostles in regard to the practical exercise of charity. "If any man say that he love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

And here come in the practical tests of charity: "In this we have known the charity of God, in that He laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "He that hath the substance of this world and shall see his brother have need, and shall shut up his bowels of compassion from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" "My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

We have quoted these well-known passages from the sacred Scriptures at length, in order that we might, from sources whose inspiration even Protestants generally acknowledge, and which they claim to be their rule of faith, exhibit the features of that divine charity, whose likeness every one will perceive in the Catholic Church, and whose unlikeness to Protestantism is equally obvious.

When we turn to other records of the Church of the first ages, we find similar evidences of the high regard entertained among the early Christians for charity, and of its universal exercise.

St. Clement, the fourth Pope, in his letter to the Corinthians, whose genuineness all now admit, written A.D. 97 or 98, says: "We know

many among us who have given themselves into chains to redeem their brethren. Many have sold themselves to others as slaves, and used the price paid to them for themselves to feed the hungry."

Some of the Christians of those ages devoted themselves specially to the work of entertaining Christian travellers. This seems to have been the case with *Gaius*, who was commended by St. Paul, on that account (Rom. 16: 23), and also by St. John (see his 3d Epistle).

The bishops and priests were accustomed to exhort each congregation to keep its poor comfortably clad. Where able to do so, the bishops maintained hospitals and asylums for the sick and destitute, and where unable to do this, they had a portion of their own houses, or of the church, set apart for charitable purposes. Some of the laity had an apartment, which was called "*Christ's room*," specially set apart for the poor.

St. Justin (the Martyr), refers to similar practices (A.D. 141), which had then evidently assumed an organized form. In his first defence of our faith, made to the Emperor Antonius Pius, and the Roman Senate, he says that it was the custom to take up a collection among "the wealthy and the willing," which was "handed over to the one who presided"—the bishop or the priest—"who with these funds aids orphans, widows, the sick, the needy, those who are in chains, strangers, travellers—in a word, he is expected to care for all the indigent in his flock." And so obvious and well systematized was the work of exercising charity in the Church in those early ages that

the Emperor Constantine after his conversion, and all his successors for some ages (except Julian, the Apostate), committed to her the distribution of grain for the poor in all the imperial cities. In the Theodosian Code, we have evidence that the Church, in some dioceses, owned ships, which were employed in procuring provisions for their own flocks, and in cases of extraordinary want sending help to destitute communities in remote countries.

St. Augustine tells us (*De moribus Ecclesiæ Christianæ*) that the earliest monks of the deserts of Africa purchased stores of grain with the proceeds obtained by the sale of the baskets and mats which they made, and freighting ships with these stores, they sent them into every port of the then known world.

The faithful, when occasion required it, turned their own houses into hospitals or asylums, where the sick were cared for, the stranger made welcome, the orphan provided with a home, and the hungry and weary found refreshment and rest.

Even on Mount Nitria, on the borders of a torrid desert in Africa, a house for travellers and strangers and for the sick was attached to the church, which was provided with attendants and physicians to take care of them. And the holy Cenobites of the desert, who abstained from flesh-meat and wine and contented themselves with bread and water, spent a great portion of their time in manual labor, so as to obtain means for relieving the destitute.

Pope Cornelius, A.D. 250, in the ages of persecution, supported

1500 poor. St. John Chrysostom says that "the Church of Antioch, though possessed of but a small revenue, gave daily sustenance to 3000 virgins and widows, besides the travellers, lepers, and prisoners usually cared for, and the food and raiment furnished to clerics." And this great saint was so little satisfied with the number and extent of the charitable institutions which he founded and sustained, that whenever he received presents of sufficient amount, he immediately erected another benevolent establishment, so that in addition to the name of Chrysostom, which was given to him on account of his eloquence, the people of Antioch and Constantinople fondly called him "John of Almsdeeds." Of Eugene, the Archbishop of Carthage, it was said that "the only way to get him to keep any money was to give it to him late at night, when he had no opportunity to give it to the poor *until the next morning*." The great St. Basil, besides other charities, founded a hospital famous for centuries after his time, of such extent, that Gregory, the writer of his life, says, "Take a short walk out of the great city of Cæsarea, and you soon come to a new city built for the sick and the poor."

St. Athanasius called St. Theodore even out of the desert, and having ordained him priest, gave him charge of the poor, and emigrants, and travellers, for whom he had provided a large institution at Alexandria.

The learned St. Epiphanius, born A.D. 310, was distinguished for his knowledge of Hebrew, Egyptian, Syriac, Greek, and Latin literature, yet his charity was said

to even surpass his learning. The wealthy made him the channel for dispensing the most abundant alms, some like Olypias placing estates of great value at his disposal, for the relief of the sick and poor.

In nothing did the charity of the Church contrast more widely with the entire want of it on the part of Pagans than in respect to prisoners, captives, and slaves.

The Church immediately turned her eyes of compassion upon these miserable beings, and her charity flowed out towards them without measure. Her sentiment was ever that which breathes through the language of St. Paul: "With God there is no respect of persons." "For in one spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free." "For you are all children of God, by faith in Jesus Christ." Step by step, as she found the means of doing so, she ameliorated the condition of the slaves, and limited the power of the masters, enjoining upon them the exercise of kindness, mercy, and consideration, and imposing severe penances in cases of harshness and cruelty. So too she proceeded, step by step, in securing their emancipation, until, without any violent outbreak or social revolution, the miserable slaves and serfs of antiquity have become the freemen of to-day.

A similar tenderness was manifested by the Church for captives taken in war. We know their fate in the days of Pagan rule. "*Væ Victis*," "*Woe to the Vanquished*," was the universal rule. They were put to the sword or sold as slaves. These captives the Church regarded with the tenderest compassion. She

devoted a portion of the contributions of the faithful to their succor and redemption. She made systematic arrangements for visiting them, and consoling them. Even before the death of St. John, we learn from St. Clement that many Christians voluntarily gave themselves up to captivity and chains to redeem their brethren. No prison was so noisome, no dungeon was so dark, no mine so deep, no country so remote or barbarous but Christian charity penetrated them in search of the captive, and for his relief. St. Cyprian says, that in each city a deacon was appointed to take special account of the faithful who were in chains; and St. Ignatius, a disciple of St. John, who was martyred at Antioch in A. D. 107, says of these deacons, "They are imitators of angels." An account was kept of all those who were exiled for the faith into distant regions, or condemned to the frightful condition of slaves working in the mines. Messengers were frequently sent to them with money, and whatever else could be applied for their relief and comfort. Many of the faithful travelled great distances to visit the confessors in the mines. As an instance of this, five Egyptian Catholics, who had been on a pilgrimage of this kind, even into the wilds Cilicia, were arrested on their way homewards in Cæsarea, Palestine, and received the crown of martyrdom A.D. 309, by being put to death for the faith by the Pagan governor of that city. Societies devoted specially to the succor and redemption of captives were subsequently established, as is well known; and even the ornaments of the altar, and the sacred

vessels of gold and silver were sold for this purpose. Of this, the fact that this resort, when other means failed, was not unusual, is proved by the decree of the Council of Rheims, which inflicts the punishment of "suspension from his functions on the bishop who shall have destroyed the sacred vessels for any other purpose than the redemption of captives." And the 12th Canon of the Council of Verneuil, held A.D. 844, contains like evidence.

Nor were these exceptional instances of the charity exercised by the Church. They are but illustrations of her uniform sentiment and action throughout the first ages in every country which her children inhabited. Our records of the early Church are but scanty, and yet the evidences which they furnish of the universal charity of Catholics will convince the most skeptical.

The very epithets applied to the early popes, bishops, martyrs, and saints, the inscriptions on their tombs show this. Scarce a fragment of Catholic antiquity has been handed down to us but makes incidental mention of some charitable act or institution. Scarce one great name of all the most learned, wise, and holy men and women of the early ages can be mentioned, that was not distinguished for acts of charity, and more dear to the poor and distressed than to any one else. Nothing was admitted as lawful that stood in the way of charity. Even the great St. Anthony abandoned his desert, and appeared with his sheepskin cloak washed white as snow in the crowded cities and in the mines, to comfort his persecuted brethren. The blessed

Ephrem, who, after many labors and travels, had retired to his beloved mountain-cell in Mesopotamia, no sooner heard of the famine that afflicted the poorer classes in Edessa, than he at once gave up his holy retirement, and, hastening into Edessa he prevailed upon the wealthy citizens to aid their brethren.

That this spirit of charity continued to pervade the Catholic Church during subsequent ages, needs no elaborate argument or lengthy array of historical testimony to prove. Every one knows that in every country which the Church converted, throughout the middle ages, she infused the spirit of charity. That in them all alike she planted schools, asylums, hospitals, and refuges of every kind, for the poor and oppressed. In fact she so revolutionized and elevated the sentiments of mankind, and filled Europe with her benevolent and religious institutions, that there were no poor in the modern sense of the term. Poor there were, but they were not then as now despised, degraded outcasts, regarded and treated as worse than criminals, but cherished as objects of special regard, because in the same condition in which our Saviour was born and lived. Hence they were often called "*CHRIST'S poor!*" Paupers, in the present sense of the word, there were none. In fact the charity of the Church during the middle ages has been made ground for censure. It has been alleged that by her ample provisions for the poor and suffering she demoralized society, and encouraged idleness, by taking away the apprehension of want, and the consequent incentive

to labor. It is aside from our present subject to defend the Church against this false accusation. The charge itself, however, evidences the fullness of the Church's charity.

That the Catholic Church of the present age is pervaded by the same spirit of charity needs no proof. It is self-evident. Wherever she exists there her charitable institutions and orders are to be found. Modern society has not a single benevolent idea that it does not owe to the Catholic Church.

Modern religious sects have not a single charitable institution that the Church had not before them, and in which she does not now outstrip them in zeal and devotion. Wherever she plants the cross there she preaches regard for the poor, compassion for the suffering, protection for the weak and infirm, and charity for all. Her asylums for orphans, for widows, and for the aged; her hospitals for the sick and the suffering follow immediately after, if they do not rise along with, the walls of her chapels and churches. Her orders of mercy accompany her priests and bishops. Her prelates erect their monuments in the charitable foundations which during their lives they establish; and her Sovereign Pontiff ever acts out the maxim, "He who would be greatest among you let him be your *servant*," and from the never failing fountain of his charity, not only continually succors his chil-

dren throughout the world, wherever they may be suffering, but also relieves the wants of his enemies when famine or distress come upon them. Many a mouth has been filled with bread by the benevolence of our Holy Father Pius IX, which had vomited curses and imprecations against him.

The charitable institutions of the Catholic Church are noted for the effectiveness with which they accomplish the object of their institution, for the real *benevolence* and *charity* which they display.

The Protestant institutions of the same kind are but too frequently remarkable only for their entire failure to realize the ends of their creation, for the harsh spirit which characterizes them, and the cruelty which connects itself with their routine administration.

This brings us to the second part of our subject,—the want of charity in Protestantism. But we are here reminded that we have already filled, if not exceeded, the space assigned to us. We defer, therefore, the discussion of the want of charity in Protestantism to a future occasion, concluding simply with the remark, that when Catholicity is subjected to that test which our Saviour himself instituted, — the presence and exercise of charity, — her divine origin, character, and grace, like gold in the crucible, shine forth the more brightly, the more severely it is tried.

THE HEROINE OF 1793.

A STORY OF CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

III.

As the noble and courageous peasant girl had said herself, so many persons as innocent as she was, were daily imprisoned, it was not difficult for Fougat, a member, as he was of the town municipality, to have her incarcerated at once; two lines signed with his own name sufficed, and Marie, her face radiant with joy, followed once again the jailer in the sombre corridors which led to Vendangeon's dungeon.

"Father," said she, throwing herself into his arms, "here I am again, not to leave you any more."

The old man instantly comprehended the filial devotion of which he was the object. Joy, admiration, and, at the same time, sorrow to see his daughter a prisoner, like himself, and for his sake, supporting the same privations, incurring the same danger; all these thoughts and diverse sentiments which agitated at once his mind and his heart, moved him so vividly, words failed him, and his emotion betrayed itself in tears, the first Marie had ever seen him shed. She, however, without losing a minute in accomplishing the noble task she had imposed upon herself, passed round her neck a cord which she had brought, and seating herself on the ground, by the side of the old man, she supported with the cord and with her hands, the heavy chains with which he was loaded,

and which bruised his arms and legs. For more than an hour not a word was exchanged between them. Marie, happy in the alleviation she brought the prisoner, tasted in her heart an ineffable joy, all the sweeter and livelier for having been bought by a great sacrifice. The father lovingly contemplated, by the feeble light which entered, the radiant countenance of the young girl, a thousand times more beautiful from the heavenly light of virtue which shone in her face than even from its natural attractions. At last Marie broke the silence, a simple and pious chant burst from her lips—

"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours ;
Servez-moi de defense,
Gardez-moi tous les jours ;
Et quand ma dernière heure.
Aura fixé mon sort,
Obtenez que je meure
De la plus sainte mort."

It was the cantique sung by the young girls of the congregation of Yzernay. Vendangeon had heard it a hundred times after Vespers in the parish church, but never had it made the lively impression on his heart which he now felt on listening to that beloved voice echoing fresh and pure under the dark vault of the dungeon.

"Yes," said he, when the cantique was finished, "may the Holy Virgin succor us now, and at the hour of our death! May she be with us in the prison to lessen the horrors of it! Let us say the Ro-

sary for this intention, my daughter, and also that this Divine Mother may protect our Jacques beyond the Loire."

Marie drew her beads from her pocket, and began to recite them aloud, and the old man finished in a grave and loud voice the Paters and the Aves she began. Scarcely had they concluded their prayer, when their supper of black bread and water was brought to them. They eat it with a good appetite, and afterwards slept peacefully on the damp straw which served for a couch. The peace of heaven had descended into that gloomy dungeon, and had, so to speak, transformed it; the prison had become a Catholic temple, echoing day and night the praise of the Lord. An entire month passed without in any way diminishing the courage and resignation of the father and daughter. At the expiration of that period the door of the prison was suddenly opened, and the jailer announced that powerful friends had obtained their liberty; but official advice was given them to entertain no more relations with nobles or refractory priests.

The old man was delivered from his chains, and allowed to return home free. Marie took her father's arm in order to sustain his trembling steps; and, their hearts full of joy, they returned to the village, giving God thanks for this unexpected happiness.

It was a fine day at the end of February; the air was still chilly, but the sun shone with all its brightness in a cloudless sky. Some early trees were budding in the orchards; the Easter daisies spread their white petals on a fresh carpet

of growing verdure. The violets, hidden under their shelter, embalmed the air with their perfume; joyous birds and buzzing insects seemed to salute the two exiles on their return.

"Ah! how beautiful it all is, and how good it is to be able to walk freely in the country," said Marie, drawing in with delight the pure and fresh air, which expanded her lungs.

Had it not been for the support she was compelled to give the old man, she would have leaped and danced with joy. Vendangeon, on the contrary, walked with recollection and gravity. Not that he was insensible to these beauties of nature. Every human being feels an impression of pleasure at the close of a rigorous winter, in breathing the atmosphere of spring, which revives vegetation, and seems to make the universe young again, but to the captive suddenly restored to liberty—to him who exchanges darkness and the fetid odors of an unwholesome dungeon for perfumed breezes and unshaded light, it is a pleasure to be compared to no other. The old man, however, remained plunged in thought. A generous project, of which, nevertheless, he foresaw the fatal consequences, absorbed his whole mind, when a lad belonging to Yzernay, who had been picking up dead branches of wood in the forest, met them on the road.

"What, it's you, good Vendangeon!" said he, coloring with pleasure and surprise. "They said you were dead, and Marie too. They will be glad enough down there to see you again."

And, without waiting for an an-

swer, he threw down his fagot of wood in order to run faster, and bounded off towards the village.

A quarter of an hour afterwards all the good country people were on foot as if it were a feast day; for Vendangeon was beloved and respected by all. They advanced to meet him; they embraced him; they congratulated him; they conducted him almost in triumph to the door of his cottage. One of his neighbors lighted the fire to warm his suffering limbs; another brought him milk and apples; a third offered him fresh eggs. It was who could get him to accept anything, or render him any service.

"Oh, good Vendangeon, be more prudent for the future. Give up visiting our poor priests, since it was for that you were arrested, they say."

"My good friends, I am very grateful to you for the friendship you show to me," he replied, with emotion, "and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. However, I shall always do my duty," he added, in a lower tone.

Marie did not hear these words; she was full of happiness at finding herself again in the midst of her relations and friends. Night being come, the father and daughter retired early to enjoy the repose which was necessary for them after so much fatigue and emotion. Sweet dreams rocked the sleep of the young girl; the Royalists triumphed, the war was over, and she saw herself in the newly-repaired cottage, seated at a large table, between her brother Jacques and her cousin Boussard, when suddenly the voice of her father was heard in the silence of the night.

"Are you ill, father?" she said, arousing out of her sleep.

"No, no, my daughter; but time presses. The church clock has just struck two. Let us take advantage of the rest of the night to go and console our friends."

"But father," she replied, feeling that she turned pale, "it will perhaps cost you your life. Have you forgotten the cautions given to you?"

"I did not promise to follow them," said the old man; "and as for the remnant of life which God may grant me, to what purpose would it serve if I did not employ it in succoring my unhappy brethren?"

"You were so tired last night," continued the young girl, timidly; "you can never do this journey on foot, for it is more than a league from here to Challore."

"Let us try, however, my child. I hope God will come to my assistance, and if I fail on the way He will give me credit for my good intentions."

Marie said no more. As courageous and devoted as her father himself, she rose in haste, put in a basket the greater part of the provisions which had been given them the night before, and both set out towards the place which served as retreat for the curé of Yzernay and his companions in misfortune.

It was half-past four when they arrived at the borders of the wood, for the old man walked with pain, although he leaned with one hand on a thick knotted stick and with the other on his daughter's shoulder. Marie gave the signal agreed upon, to which a strongly accented voice replied. It was not,

however, that of the old chevalier whom we saw in the beginning of this story introduce Marie into the cave; he had quitted that asylum on the first rumor of the return of Henri de la Rochejaquelein, and after fighting valiantly at the side of the young hero, found a glorious death at the taking of Chemille.

The man who now advanced to meet the visitors was the former sacristan of the parish, who would not separate his fate from that of his old curé. He hastened to go and announce the return of Vendangeon and Marie, and the same innocent and pure joy which had broken out the night before in Yzernay on the news of their deliverance, welcomed them also in the subterranean cavern.

"God be praised, Who has delivered you from their clutches! He has renewed in your favor the miracle of Daniel in the lion's den," exclaimed the old priest, rising in haste from the bed of dry leaves, on which he slept in his clothes.

"God be blessed for all things," replied Vendangeon, in a grave and solemn voice. "No doubt he wished to give me a little more time to prepare for death, and also the consolation of seeing you once more before I undergo it."

The old man was surrounded by all the inhabitants of that sad dwelling, about a dozen poor wounded noblemen or infirm priests, on whose heads a price was set. All those who were still able to carry arms had rejoined Charette's army or the little assembly formed by La Rochejaquelein. Vendangeon sought with his eyes the Count of Beaubigné.

"Our good lord rejoined the

King, his Master, in Heaven three weeks ago," said the priest, who guessed the thought of the old peasant.

"To-day one, to-morrow another," he replied, dropping his head on his breast.

They then interrogated him with the greatest interest on all the circumstances of his arrest and captivity. When he had replied, in language simple and concise, to all the questions put to him, he approached the curé, and taking him aside, said—

"I do not feel well; and besides, we live in a time when we may consider ourselves in our extremity. Who knows if I shall be alive to-morrow morning? I should like, therefore, to go to confession and to communion, if possible."

"Come with me," said the priest to him, leading him into the furthest corner of the cave.

And he gave the sacristan orders to prepare everything necessary for the celebration of Mass.

Old Jean Pierre, aided by one of the ecclesiastics present, then drew out of a large wooden chest, carefully concealed in a hole dug in the rock, and covered with dry leaves, a chalice, a silver cross, and a consecrated stone, and they erected a suitable altar. The venerable pastor put on the sacerdotal vestments, all present knelt, and the holy sacrifice began.

The most profound silence reigned in that inclosure, feebly lighted by the uncertain light of two wax candles reserved for this purpose. Like a sigh of love rising towards heaven, the voice only of the celebrant, reciting the consecrated words, resounded at intervals in

the subterranean depth. All the assistants prayed with inexpressible fervor; they might be judged to be the first Christians in the catacombs preparing themselves for martyrdom.

At the communion, the old peasant approached the holy table; Marie, who also had been to confession, knelt at his side; and it was touching to see that worthy old man, and the beautiful and pure young girl, who only the day before had escaped from prison, braving again torments and death in order to console their banished brethren, and to assist at the Holy Mysteries. When the ceremony was finished, the sacred vessels and the church ornaments were restored to their hiding-place, and the father and daughter, taking leave of their friends, prepared to depart.

"Soon to meet again, I hope," said the curé to them.

Vendangeon pressed warmly the hand which his pastor offered him, and departed without reply. He walked now with greater difficulty than ever; the wound in his leg, which had never been thoroughly cured, had opened again, and caused him much suffering. When he had arrived at the border of the wood, he sat down under a tree, and said to Marie:

"Go into the village, and borrow Jeanneton's ass for me; for it is impossible for me to go any farther."

The young girl hesitated for a moment.

"I do not like to leave you here alone, and ill," she replied.

"I am not ill, my child; but my leg refuses to serve me. Go! and return quickly."

She started off with all speed;

and Vendangeon, drawing his beads out of his pocket, began to recite them devoutly. Scarcely had he finished the first decade, than the noise of footsteps and confusion of voices sounded not far from him; and a troop of Republican soldiers, led by some boorish fellows from Chollet, suddenly appeared on the road. One of these men perceived the old peasant, in spite of the precaution he had taken of hiding himself precipitately in the under-wood.

"What are you doing there, rogue?" said a soldier to him, and examining him with suspicion.

"I am resting," replied the old man, calmly.

"Hold!" said one of the ruffians, approaching in his turn, "it's old Vendangeon himself. I thought he was done with long ago. Never mind, 'he who laughs last, laughs best.' Citizen," added he, addressing the head of the troop, "it is not for nothing that this old fox is in the wood. I'll bet a crown to a sou that he knows the retreat of those we are seeking, and that it is not far from here."

"Come, march, rascal, and show us the brigand's den!"

"As you see, citizen, I cannot walk," returned Vendangeon, showing his wounded limb.

"None of your trickery, infernal old aristocrat," said the ruffian, who was no other than Samsonnet; "show us the hiding-place of the former curé of Yzernay and all his gang."

"Follow me, if you will," said the old man, making a violent effort to get on his feet, and dragging himself with pain, and by the assistance of his stick, towards a

thick wood on the opposite side to the exile's cave. And the desire of being useful to his friends reviving him as if by magic, he went nearly half a league, through almost impracticable paths.

"Seek here, if it seem good to you," he said at last, sinking to the ground with fatigue and suffering.

The soldiers penetrated into the underwood cautiously, in order to surprise the Vendéans, whom they believed to be hidden there; but in vain did they scour the wood in every direction; no human being was visible!

"The old rascal's been mocking us," said Samsonnet to his companions; "There's nothing to prevent my giving him his punishment."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed the chief, approaching the old man, who remained extended on the ground, under charge of two sentinels; a useless precaution in the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced, "do you know, or not, the former curé?"

"How should I not know my parish priest?" replied Vendangeon, with a peaceful smile.

"Do you know where he is hidden?"

"And even if I did know," returned the old peasant, resuming at once the dignified and resolute air which was natural to him, "do you think me coward enough to betray my friends?"

"By all the devils in hell!" exclaimed the officer, surprised and irritated by this language, "if you do not immediately find those we are seeking, I swear, on the faith of a patriot, that your head will

not long remain on your shoulders!" Vendangeon remained silent.

"Where are they concealed? Speak, or you are a dead man!" said the chief, taking close aim at him.

The old man's countenance underwent no change; but making the sign of the Cross, he replied, simply—

"Twenty times have I looked death in the face, and never have I feared it."

The officer slowly withdrew his firearm and examined the Vendean peasant, who prayed in a low voice, as calm and unmoved as if he were in no peril.

"Conduct him to Chollet," he said, abruptly; "the municipals will find means to untie his tongue."

Marie, in the meantime,* had punctually carried out the orders of her father. Jeanneton had willingly lent the ass, a strong and docile animal, which trotted almost as fast as a horse. In consequence, the young peasant girl was but a short time on the road, and, before noon had sounded from the parish clock, she had reached the borders of the wood. But what was her surprise and terror not to find her father where she had left him. Her first thought was that he had plunged deeper into the wood, in order to sleep a few hours, and tying the animal to the trunk of a tree, she searched all around, calling loudly on her father. But echo alone replied to her voice. The poor girl, in despair, seated herself on the ground and wept bitterly. Soon, however, reflection restored some courage to her.

"My father," said she to herself,

"is well known to all the farmers and villagers of the district. Who knows but one of them, passing this way accidentally, has offered him a lift, and he fearing Jeanneton might not be able to lend the ass, accepted the service? Perhaps, whilst I am losing time lamenting here, my father is already at home, where, no doubt, he is awaiting me with impatience."

And comforted by this hope, she detached the animal, jumped on it, and galloped back on the road to Yzernay.

IV.

A fortnight elapsed, during which grave events had occurred. Parties of Royalists, consisting chiefly of those who remained alive of the "*grande armée*," met together and beat the Republicans at various places. Penetrated with sorrow, without, however, being discouraged by the lamented death of the heroic Henri de la Rochejaquelein, the Vendéans continued to defend themselves valiantly. They even took possession of Chollet, without, however, seeking to keep it, fearing to be crushed in a single *rencontre*, for they could only carry on war against an enemy three times more numerous than themselves by means of rapid marches, unforeseen attacks, and untiring constancy. Every hour then saw fresh combats, in which their valor alone supplied the insufficiency of their resources. For some days past the town of Chollet had relapsed into the power of the Republicans, when suddenly the fire of musketry sounded in the environs of Yzernay, and this noise, repeated by the surrounding echoes, chilled

with terror the poor Vendean women, who alone remained in the village, which had been reduced almost to ashes. Each one trembled for the life of a father, husband, or child, without counting the misfortunes with which they were menaced in case the Republicans proved victorious. It was above all in the cottage of the Vendéans that these sentiments were manifested in a manner at once energetic and touching. Several of the neighbors had met there to pray to God together, and to discuss their fears and hopes. In the midst of them, clothed in black, with pale cheeks, discolored lips, and her eyes surrounded by a livid circle, was Marie, keeping a mournful silence and apparently insensible to the force of grief, for news of the arrest and death of her father was spread abroad in the country.

Suddenly a louder discharge, a greater commotion, seeming to announce that the combatants were approaching the village, caused all these poor creatures to shudder.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Jeannette, pressing close to her the babe she was nursing.

All her companions made the Sign of the Cross, and regarded each other with consternation; but Marie fell on her knees, and in a heart-breaking voice said—

"My God have pity on me! Do not make me twice an orphan! My father, my dear father! from your place in heaven, watch over your poor children! Preserve my brother Jacques, or obtain that I may die before he does!"

And a torrent of tears and sobs broke from her oppressed heart.

"Come; come, Marie! don't lose courage!" said a good-natured peasant, raising her in her arms and obliging her to sit down; "Jacques has often been in battle before this year. He passed the Loire, and came back safe and sound, when you least expected it. God will restore him to you this time also, I hope. Perhaps, too, your brave father is not dead, though they may say so."

"Alas! how can I have the least hope on that point?" returned the young girl; "it is only too certain that the Blues shot him on the road. The miscreant who did it boasted of it, it is said. Oh! why was I not there to defend him or to die with him?"

"You will not long survive him, poor child!"

"Nor we either!" interrupted Jeannette, in tones of despair. "Do you not hear the enemy? There, they are coming! My God, my God! what will become of us?"

The sound of footsteps and tumultuous cries were indeed heard, and the pale and trembling Vendean women listened attentively.

"The dogs have not barked," observed one of them.

"It sounds like cries of '*Vive le Roy!*'" added another peasant.

"Yes, yes; our brave lads have won, God be praised!" and "Long live the King!" they all exclaimed, rushing out as they did so.

Marie alone remained immovable in the cottage, incapable of motion, so great was the trouble of her mind—a prey, as it were, to the deepest anxiety about the fate of her brother Jacques.

An instant afterwards the door

opened with a rush, and he bounded over the threshold.

"The Republicans are fleeing—victory is ours!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Two or three like affairs, and the Blues will be crushed."

"Why is not our father here to hear it from your lips?" replied Marie, moved to weeping.

"He hears it from heaven," returned Jacques, in a changed tone.

"Oh, Jacques! how sweet it would have been to him to see you before he died! He was so good! he loved us so! And to think that neither one or other of us had the consolation of assisting at his last hour!—that his body does not repose in consecrated earth!—that we do not even know in what corner he has been thrown!"

"Yes, that is frightful!" replied he. His profound sorrow resumed its poignancy as the exultation of victory calmed down. With his hard hand he dried his eyes, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"At least, my father's death shall not be unavenged!"

"Oh, my brother, there is blood on your blouse!" exclaimed Marie in affright.

"Be tranquil, sister; it is not my blood," replied the young man. "I will, however, remove it."

He went directly into his little room to change his clothes for those he used to wear; and Marie proceeded to prepare the repast; but hardly had she served the soup, when terrible cries were heard at a little distance.

"Great heavens! what is there again?" cried the young girl, rushing into the street.

She perceived about thirty

women and children, and some armed men, assembled before the presbytery.

"What is the matter there?" she asked of a little boy who was running towards the place.

"Seventeen Republican prisoners are shut up in the lower room of the presbytery, and I think they are going to be put to death," he replied without stopping.

Marie followed him instinctively.

"They killed my husband," exclaimed a poor widow.

"They burnt my house, and dishonored my only daughter," repeated with fury a lame old man.

"Death! Death to the miscreants! Death to the assassins! Death to the traitors!" was the cry on all sides.

Marie remembered immediately all that she had suffered during the last year: her sorrows as a Christian, a Frenchwoman, and a Royalist; her anguish as a daughter and a sister; her humiliations of every kind. The image of her virtuous father, so unworthily treated and at last slaughtered on the roadside, falling defencelessly under the Republican bullets, presented itself in the most lively way to her imagination. She felt the blood mount to her brain, and the bad instincts of human nature awoke strongly in her soul. Up to that hour so noble and pure, her mouth opened to pronounce, in its turn, sentence of death; but at the same time her eyes fell on a crucifix, still entire, on the exterior of a church.

"Jesus Christ pardoned his executioners!" she said to herself; "and I, have I not promised to re-

main always faithful to His maxims and examples?"

She pressed to her heart, convulsively, the cross attached to her rosary; and, quick as lightning, she ran back and arrived breathless at the door of her cottage.

"Jacques! Jacques!" she cried with energy, "they want to massacre the prisoners. If my father were there, he would prevent it, I am sure."

"You are right," replied her brother. "Besides, it is not on defenceless men that our brave father should be avenged."

He caught up his arms and hastened towards the spot:

"Go back, unhappy people!" he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, to the roaring crowd, who were endeavoring to burst open the door; "do not dishonor our victory by the blood of these prisoners."

"They assassinated our fathers, our sons, our husbands. If they be allowed to escape to-day, they will begin again to-morrow," replied several exasperated women.

"Do you then wish to imitate the Republicans, and become, like them, a horror to God and men? Did not Our Saviour command us to forgive our enemies, and to return good for evil?"

And he placed himself at the presbytery door, his drawn sword in his hand.

"If anybody wishes to touch any of these people, who perhaps have killed my father," he continued, in a tone of high feeling, "he will have to pass over my body to touch him."

"Jacques is right!" exclaimed some Vendean women; "the inhabitants of Yzernay are good Catho-

lies, and not miscreants or Republicans, without faith or law, without the fear or love of God."

"He is right!" repeated the crowd, gradually falling back.

Jacques restored his sword to its sheath, and returned tranquilly to his cottage. As he was on the point of entering, he met Marie paler than an alabaster statue, but her countenance radiant with a heavenly expression of fortitude and charity. She carried with one hand a large loaf of black bread, and with the other a basket containing cheese.

"Where are you going with that?" said Jacques, to her gently.

"To the prisoners," she replied, "for they must not die of hunger either."

"Go then, and come back soon, for I am hungry too," he replied, with simplicity.

The young girl caused the door of the presbytery to be opened, and several other Vendean women, moved by her generous example, also carried food to the prisoners.

In distributing to each the portion allotted to him, Marie perceived lying on the ground, more dejected, more terrified than the others, a man whose ignoble countenance was not, although disfigured by fatigue and fright, unknown to her. She stooped down to look at him more closely, and immediately felt herself on the point of fainting; it was the man who had denounced and murdered her father! He, too, doubtless recognized her,

for he hastily hid his face in his hands to conceal himself from her whom he had made an orphan, thinking he had everything to fear from her just resentment. But she, placing before him a portion of bread and cheese, passed away in silence; and He who alone sounds the depths of the heart knew by what pious efforts, by what transcendent victory over herself, the heroic and tender daughter of the brave Vendangeon, vanquished the tumultuous passions of hatred and vengeance which at that moment flamed in her generous heart.

In 1846, a carriage broke down near the village of Yzernay. It contained a lady and gentleman who were making a tour through the principal scenes of the Vendean struggle. An aged peasant woman, who was spinning at her door, ran to them with as much haste as her age would permit, and offered them the hospitality of her cottage in the simplest and most cordial manner. The countenance of this aged woman, although burnt by the sun and wrinkled by time, was a pleasure to behold, there was so much sweetness in her aspect and serenity in her venerable forehead. This woman, surrounded by the love and respect of her neighbors was Marie Vendangeon, who had survived the disasters of her family and country. Her noble and holy career had been a long chain of virtues and good works, whose heavenly recompense awaited her.

THRENODY OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Thou, O Lord, hast created us for Thee, and our heart is restless, until it rests in
Thee!—ST. AUGUSTINE CONFESS.

My heart ran wide o'er sea and earth,
I longed for rest and quiet peace,
I gave the reins to boundless thought;
I searched for it in noisy mirth,
I looked for rest in sensual ease,
I sought for it and found it not.

Soon as the airy phantom rose,
It melted from my gaze away;
It left me sad and troubled more:
Unseemly joy gave place to woes,
My sunshine grew a misty ray,
My brightest hopes were clouded o'er.

The deeper that I clung to earth,
The more I felt disquiet reign,
More gloom girt round my choicest glee:
For I the while was nursing dearth,
And hugging fast my iron chain,
Away, my God, from peace and Thee.

The more I fled from Thee, my all,
More sunk the iron in my breast;
Thou wert my peace, and still I fled,
Deaf to the music of thy call,
Senseless to thine appeals of rest,
In seeming life as I were dead.

Still thou didst press me, and didst give
A penance to upbraid and chafe,
Till I should melt before thy grace,
Till I should turn to Thee and life,
And find in Thee a harbor safe,
A refuge sure, and resting-place.

These didst thou give, my heart increase
Of will and power, of love and light;
That like a mighty river flows,
Then did my heart recover peace;
And turning from a world's despite,
In Thee, my God, found calm repose.

AMONG THE PROPHETS.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN ROME—LADY TESIMOND'S SALON—
ANCIENT AND MODERN PREDICTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN ROME.

MY friend Oliver Wotton, who has been for some time very distinguished among London physicians, is one of the best specimens of the true English Liberal that I have ever met. He has never gone into Parliament—indeed, his profession excludes him from taking a part in public affairs, but he takes a great interest in politics, especially as to all social questions, and I have no doubt he would be a good speaker if he were in Parliament. All his life he has kept up his literary and artistic tastes, and, in the midst of his large practice, has generally found time to make himself acquainted with the most prominent books of the season on subjects connected with philosophy, science, and history, as well as with his own immediate pursuits, though I consider it rather a triumph when I can get him to read a novel. On the other hand, he is well up in modern poetry, as well as in our elder bards. It is very likely that his mental activity, which has not been kept alive at the expense of any professional industry, but which has also never been tempered by practical experience of the motives and influences which often prevail over right reason and honest policy in the world of legislation, may have made him somewhat more of

a speculative than of a practical philosopher, and he seems to be too sanguine and too readily credulous as to great improvements and advances in civilization. But then at all events he thinks out his creed, and would desire to see men of his own political party more constant and stanch to their principles than they often are found to be. His own rather failing health has of late years made him somewhat inclined to spare himself in regard of professional practice, and this gives me the opportunity of an occasional chat with him at our Club, which often ends in a stroll across the Park homewards, as we both live in the region of Tyburnia.

The other day I had been holding an argument with him about the Irish Education question, and I think I had forced him to admit in his own mind that that question was a fair test of the reality of the liberalism professed by so many in our time—that, when some government measure was introduced on the subject, giving, as I hope, fair play to Catholics, we should see who were true and who were false liberals by the line which men will take in accepting or resisting the bill. Then, as a sort of revenge I suppose, my friend, who thinks himself a sound Protestant and has, I fear, very false notions as to Italian matters, began to tease me about the state of things in Rome.

"You see," he said, "how everything has settled comfortably down. The Pope has his guarantees, and the Catholic world acquiesces. Nothing goes on at all the worse because the Pope has no secular power, no States to govern, no army to maintain. My good Catholic friends, you among the number, Lillicote, eat and drink and enjoy life much as you used in old times. I met a live Roman dignitary with some funny Italian name the other day at dinner—he was not averse to champagne. You don't seem to me to lose flesh upon it. Old Bodham Green was in the stalls at the Opera the other night, looking as jovial as possible over *Don Giovanni*, and as ready for a theological spar between the acts as ever, but he doesn't seem unhappy. Why should he be? everything is quiet. The Pope is at the Vatican, giving audiences, and he has his garden to walk in, as the Emperor's friend proposed so many years ago. One doesn't hear even of a complaint."

I was trying to persuade him that people might go into society, and even drink champagne and go to the stalls of the Opera, without being indifferent to the serious miseries which are involved, both for the present and for the future, in the iniquitous state of things which prevails in Rome, when my eyes fell upon an unexpected auxiliary who was far more likely, as I felt, to be well up in the facts of the case than myself. I was not aware till that moment, that my good friend Don Venanzio was in town. There he was, however, walking slowly at some little distance in front of us, between two of the

rows of trees which line the inner margin of the Park between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch. He was reading from a large book, which I knew must be a breviary, quite unconscious that he was an object of amusement and curiosity to certain sprightly nursemaids, who were chatting together about the dresses and engagements of their respective mistresses, while the young aristocrats under their charge were tumbling about on the green grass almost in front of Don Venanzio. The good Padre shut up his book just before we reached him, and, almost immediately, I caught his eye, hailed him, and after a few words of greeting, dragged him into the discussion which I was waging with Wotton, whom he had often met before.

"Come, tell us," said Wotton, "how things really are in Rome?"

"They are in that state," said Don Venanzio, "of which we may truly say that it must get worse before it can get better. The propaganda of infidelity and immorality is going on under the auspices of the Piedmontese government. It has been going on in most parts of Italy for at least a quarter of a century, in some parts for more, and it cannot be expected that it should not produce its fruits in debauching and degrading the people. The great object is to corrupt the young. I do not know that more could be done with this object by any government in the world than is done by that at present in power. Happily, there is a reaction—or rather, a large part of the people are sound at heart, and have the best traditions to guide them, while the activity of the anti-

Christian movement has stimulated the exertions of the friends of religion."

"I meant more particularly to ask," said Wotton, "about the state of Rome, as regards the Pope and the Church in general. We don't seem to hear of much that is fresh in the way of complaint."

"The English papers," said my friend, "know their business well enough not to mention such things when they do happen. Many of their correspondents are Mazzinians. But, in fact, not long ago the *Civiltà* declared that the Pope might be treated worse than he is. Of course this is true. The government is afraid of him, and afraid of the effect on Europe of any open persecution."

"The party in power is Conservative, is it not?" I said.

"Conservative!" he replied with a gesture of disgust. "Yes, they are Conservative so far that they would gladly keep themselves at the top of the wave; while, at the same time, they use the revolution to forward their own plans, hoping to be able somehow to muzzle it when their own turn comes to be devoured. As for their respect to religion, no doubt they have not yet gone the lengths in the way of profanity and sacrilege, which we heard of a year ago under the reign of the Commune in Paris. Life is safe, the churches are respected, the services of religion are undisturbed. The time has not yet come for excesses; perhaps the men at present in power have no intention that it ever shall come. If it were to come it would cost them their places, if nothing more. But it is not the less true that there

is a real persecution at Rome and throughout Italy, and that a deliberate and systematized war is carried on against the Church. The tactics of this war are to weaken her in every way, to deprive her of her hold on the people, as well as to vex and annoy her minister. Here," he said, taking a letter out of his pocket, "here is an account which I had only two days ago of the state of things as regards the religious houses and ecclesiastical institutions of Rome. Between fifty and sixty of them have been appropriated, either wholly or in part, to the purposes of the new government."

"I remember," I replied, "that when I was in Rome years ago, when the French were there, a great many of the monasteries and convents were occupied by the soldiers. I suppose it is the same now?"

"That is true," said Don Venanzio; "but even that was a bad state of things, made necessary, in a great extent, by the action of the enemies of the Church, who have now installed themselves in the places formerly tenanted by her defenders. Then that was a temporary state of things, while at present many of the buildings I speak of have been seized outright, and, as the plunderers at least intend, forever. Again, the number of religious houses invaded is greater now, as well as the annoyance caused by the invasion. In many cases, some which are not entirely seized are nearly useless to their owners, so very little is left of them. In looking over the list of the houses 'expropriated' by the government, it is difficult not to

see the worst sort of animus, as if they had intended to make themselves as disagreeable as possible. Some fifteen convents of women, for instance, have been taken possession of, either wholly or in part, and it is hard to say which is the greater hardship to the poor nuns. Two sets of Carmelites at the Quattro Fontane, the Augustinian nuns in the Via dell' Umilta, and the retired Camaldolese, near S. Maria Maggiore, have had to turn out for recruits, soldiers, and officials. Of these, the Umilta is the only central position. Another community of Franciscan nuns at S. Lorenzo, in Pane e Perna, have had to make way for some chemical works, and the Poor Clares at S. Silvestro, in Capite, one of the most ancient and venerable convents in the Christian world, have had to surrender their cells to the police. The two magnificent convents of Dominicanesses, S. Caterina da Siena and SS. Domenico e Sisto, have been invaded, the one by a noisy government school, which might just as well have been opened anywhere else, and in which children are taught all sorts of impiety by rationalistic or infidel teachers, and the other by some government offices, which occupy nearly the whole of the convent, the rest of which, of course, has all its peace and seclusion disturbed by the intruders. Others have schools foisted on them, and others are actually obliged to share their religious houses with soldiers or recruits, as is the case with the nuns at Sta. Marta and S. Bernardino. Again, as to the monasteries of men and the ecclesiastical institutions, it is more easy to under-

stand why, in some cases, large houses in important situations have been occupied—though there are a good many roomy palazzi that might have furnished space, at least for some of the government offices—but the distribution, as I read it over, strikes me as singularly vexatious. Not very far short of half the houses which have been occupied have been made over to soldiers. No doubt the government of Victor Emmanuel, which is supposed to rest entirely upon the rapturous affections of the people, requires a large military force to keep Rome in order—especially as it has been at such pains to fill the city with the scum and refuse of the other Italian towns. We are told a great deal about the need of government offices in a new capital, and the like, but what the Piedmontese seem to need most of all is space for their soldiery.”

“I suppose,” said I, “some of the more famous houses have been spared?”

“There is not a more famous or finer house in Rome than Chiesa Nuova,” said Don Venanzio. “It was built by St. Philip Neri, who is considered the ‘Apostle of Rome,’ and built from the offerings of the faithful. Well this has been entirely confiscated, and turned into law courts and tribunals. Yet, if there is a saint dear to the hearts of the Romans, it is San Filippo. Again, every one knows the great monastery of the Minerva, which has been for so many hundreds of years the chief seat of the Dominican Order. That has been taken, all but a very small part, for government offices. Another smaller but still famous place, is the Jesuit

novitiate at Sánt' Andrea al Quirinale, built by St. Francis Borgia, and in which lies the body of St. Stanislaus. This house has been invaded by government officials and their families. The Maddalena, the cherished house of St. Camillus of Lellis, has to make room for a government school. The great convent at the Torre dei Specchi, founded by Sta. Francesca Romana, the refuge for generation after generation of ladies of the noblest families in Rome, has to submit, in like manner, to have government schools conducted within its walls. Rome was stocked and overstocked with schools before, though they were not schools of infidelity and immorality, certainly. I do not remember at this moment any very famous house which is not occupied, though they have not all been entirely seized, as has been the case with S. Andrea delle Valle and the novitiate of the Vincentian Fathers at Monte Cavallo. It looks very much as if the Piedmontese had put their foot into every large house and every house which is the headquarters of an order, so that when remonstrances are made they may be able to say that they will, at all events, go no further—having taken care that they shall have no further to go. They have in this way occupied the chief houses of the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Theatines, the Ministers of the Sick (of S. Camillus of Lellis), the Caracciolini, the Capuchins, the Carmelites, the Augustinians, the Servites, the Minims, the Benedictines, and the Jesuits."

"At all events," said Wotton, "the government gives some sort

of compensation when they seize a convent or a monastery. Public requirements must be attended to, and the religious can live anywhere."

"Compensation!" said Don Vennanzio, looking him in the face. "Compensation! You can hardly expect compensation from men whose chief object it seems to be to put money into their own pockets, in whatever way it can be acquired. They know, my dear sir, that their time is short, and that with all their means of getting rich they must make the most of their opportunity. You have heard, I suppose, how Victor Emmanuel made three hundred thousand francs out of his visit to Rome at the time of the inundations?"

"What do you mean?" said Wotton. "The king went to Rome, showed great kindness in visiting the parts of the city which had suffered, and left a large donation out of his private purse for their relief. He had to get back to Florence on some business or other, no doubt, and so he could make but a short stay, but he certainly behaved altogether very nicely while he was in Rome. I think, if I remember right, he was very considerate and courteous to the Pope himself. He's not one of my heroes," said Wotton, "isn't Victor Emmanuel. I don't like all that I hear about him, and I can't understand his decorating Gallenga. But I suppose he does what he is told—the model of a constitutional prince." One of my friend's characteristic qualities is to be ready to defend any one, but he has rather a weakness for the Italian king.

I laughed at his taking up the

cudgels so vigorously, and then turned to Don Venanzio, and asked him to tell us the story of the inundations, or rather of the royal visit to Rome at that time.

"Well," he said, "Victor Emmanuel probably does as he is told, and is so far a constitutional prince, certainly. It doesn't matter to us whether he acted by the advice of his ministers or not, but he certainly made a good thing of the visit, which is just what his present advisers are the sort of people to have recommended him to do. The truth I believe to have been, that the king arrived early one morning and left at nightfall of the same day. He never went near the inundations, but drove about the parts of the city at a distance from the Tiber. He borrowed five hundred thousand francs, not on his own account, but at the expense of the state, and of these he left two hundred thousand behind him, and took three hundred thousand away with him. The money that was to have been spent on his reception was given to the sufferers, but even this was distributed unfairly, as none but persons of 'Italian proclivities,' as some people would say, had any share of it. So the state was half a million of francs the worse, and the king three hundred thousand francs the better. So, at least, I am assured."

"Well," said Wotton, "of course I don't know the facts, and can't contradict you. But now as to the compensation, surely there is some sort of allowance made, both to religious who are turned out of their monasteries and convents, and to the communities whose houses are seized by the government? I

have heard something about a law to that effect, I am sure."

"No doubt there is a law—a law of the Piedmontese parliament which has now been extended to Rome. By this law there is a certain small compensation made to the religious in the first case that you mention, but then, to say that this law has been 'extended to Rome,' is only to say that it is observed quite as much, and quite as little, in Rome as elsewhere. The principle of the Piedmontese government, even before it became the usurping power which it now is, was, as Cardinal Antonelli once said it seemed to be, that any promises made to the Church or to religious persons, whether by treaty or by law, were not to be kept. In fact, the compensations you speak of are never paid, and the men in power would laugh at your simplicity in expecting that they would be. There is, however, one noticeable fact regarding this which I may as well tell you. Although the compensations are not paid, the government has sometimes had the effrontery to ask for 'income tax' upon them."

"That," said I, "is one of those delicious pieces of insolence which, you will allow me to say, could hardly have been perpetrated out of Italy."

"There are, however," said Don Venanzio, "some other features of the case which you may like to hear. You see in the papers that the government have 'expropriated' this or that religious house, or the property of a religious house. In this case the property is rated at about thirty per cent. below its real value. Again, they have some-

times taken the gardens of religious houses in the middle of the city of Rome. The excuse is, that they are wanted for building, and any one can understand that such pieces of land are very valuable as ground for that purpose. But in the allotment of compensation to their owners, these plots of land are only rated as so much kitchen garden, or according to the value of the fruit which they produce. No, as you have made a reflection," he added, laughing, "on my nation, I may make a remark in return that the present Italian government seems to be walking rather in the footsteps of your own race in one particular. It was once said of the English, that they loved to carry out their most tyrannical measures under legal forms—I suppose it was meant with reference to their treatment of Ireland. Now the Piedmontese are making their persecution against religion very much under the guise of law. The government not only makes the laws, but it has a great deal to do with the administration of justice. I hear that there is a regio procuratore who takes parts in lawsuits between corporations and their tenants, and the like, and whose word generally guides the decisions of the judge. Again, they are providing already for the destruction of the foreign colleges, the seizure of convents and monasteries which have hitherto been considered as belonging to foreigners, and as being under the protection of foreign powers, and other like measures of iniquity, in a very clever way. They have managed that one or two decisions should be given of late, whereby institutions of the

kind of which I speak have been declared 'pontifical,' and not foreign. As the government has 'annexed' all that is pontifical, their decisions, which withdraw colleges like the English or Scotch colleges, for instance, or a convent, like the French Convent of the Trinità di Monti, from the protection of a foreign power, virtually places them in the hands of the Italians themselves, and then it is only a question of prudence how long they will wait before they swallow them up. They are doing their business cunningly, but I am rather inclined to think that their rapacity will overpower their prudence. An Italian minister has generally a short term of office, and while he is in power his first and most sacred duty, in many instances, is to provide for himself. I am disposed to expect that they will get into trouble with some foreign power before long, but they are providing themselves with a civil and plausible answer, in declaring the institutions which they have confiscated simply pontifical property. That will quiet all governments that are not very much in earnest, and will at least give them an excuse for declining to interfere in protection of their subjects."

Wotton looked thoughtful. "They must be cleverer men than we think them, it seems. If things go on as they are now going on, they will change Rome entirely in the course of a few years. Well, of course I ought to be glad, as a good Protestant—but there was something fine and grand about ecclesiastical Rome, even to us outsiders, and I can never fancy anything very great about Rome as a

second rate capital. After all, it is not fit to be anything but what it has been for so many centuries."

I struck in an answer to the earlier part of his remarks. "That things should go on as they do for any great length of time seems to me impossible. There is a pettishness and childishness about the whole concern; one can hardly think that they are not playing at parliament and constitutional government when one reads an account of a debate in the Italian Chamber, and I understand that it is with the greatest possible difficulty that the members can be got to do anything at all except receive their pay and make use of their free railway tickets. But what Don Venanzio has said explains to me how mischievous is the present state of things, and how there are in it all the elements of a future catastrophe; or, if that seems a strange statement to make, I will say rather, all the elements of a gradual enfeeblement of religion, and of a rapid propagation of that indifference to truth and morality which is the sure forerunner of a catastrophe. The progress of corruption must be great throughout Italy, unless there be great force in the reaction of which we hear. No government can undermine religion and morality without digging its own grave. Still, one does not see where the blow is to come from."

"You must let me believe," said the Padre, smiling, "that things may be worse indeed before long, but that, as I said, they will be better again after they have been worse. There is an immense power in the old Catholic and religious

traditions of Italy, and there is at this moment a very vigorous religious life from one end of the peninsula to the other. Some people tell us that twenty millions of Italians are 'Papalini.' I don't know how that is, but I believe that the people is still comparatively sound, and that the sort of persecution of which we have been speaking, will be met by strong opposing forces. This is the expectation we might entertain in any ordinary case, considering the forces arrayed on either side of the question, and judging from their relative importance as to what may be the issue of the conflict. But I also believe, of course, that the cause of religion in Italy will be supported by other forces also besides those of which we have been speaking; by the power of Christian prayer from the whole body of Catholics all over the world, as well as by still more mighty intercessions in Heaven. In forecasting events which belong to the history of the Church, it is as unphilosophical to leave the power of prayer, in its widest sense, out of our calculations, as it would be to omit to take account of friction, or of gravitation, or of electricity, or of the weight of the atmosphere, in physical calculations as to matters on which their influences naturally work. So I am not afraid of the ultimate issue of the present state of things in Italy. But I do expect something of the kind of a catastrophe, which may last a shorter or longer time, as it may please God. The men now in power have played with fire, and they can't prevent its bursting out. I doubt whether there has ever been more real dan-

ger of a short bloody outbreak since the beginning of all modern outbursts, the great Revolution in France."

"Surely," said Wotton, "the features of the times are not at all the same."

"Perhaps not altogether the same," said Don Venanzio. "In a certain sense the French Revolution was inevitable, unless Louis the Sixteenth could take a bold, firm line, which he was not the man to take. In the case of Italy at present, it is rather the case that if the revolutionary leaders choose to take a bold line there is nothing to withstand them. What may happen in such a case may be something for which Christian history has no parallel, except the sack of Rome in the time of Clement the Seventh. Nobody intended it, nobody expected it, though it had been prophesied in the generation before. There are as many blood-thirsty ruffians, sworn servants of the secret societies, about Rome, and in other cities of Italy, now, as would far more than make up an army like that led by the Constable de Bourbon. I wonder whether people remember that the same sort of atrocities which were witnessed at the time of that sack of Rome, and which gave a shock to the whole world in the sixteenth century, are perfectly possible now. The Garibaldians are no better than the forty thousand ruffians who were then allowed to satisfy their fury, lust, and avarice without stint, on all that was most sacred, venerable, and pure in the Christian world. The sort of outbreak from Pandemonium which was witnessed in Paris a year ago,

is quite possible in Rome at any time, and if the materials for such an outbreak are on the spot, it is by the connivance, if not the positive action, of the Piedmontese Government—for the Romans themselves are not bad enough to do what the Communists did. A Red Republic might at any time succeed in upsetting the Piedmontese rule for a short interval, and then there would be nothing to check even the most abominable excesses. This is what is being prepared. I don't mean, of course, that any one now in power contemplates it, but they will be responsible for it, when it comes, nevertheless. And not they alone, but those governments of Europe which still call themselves Catholic, or at least pretend to have regard to the interests of Catholicism, which their subjects profess. I remember many years ago seeing it said in one of your papers, when Lord ——— was Foreign Minister in England, and Parliament had separated at a time when there was a chance of a European war, that it was like leaving a monkey with a box of lucifer matches in charge of a powder magazine. Any Christian government trusting Rome to the present Italian monarchy, with the Red Revolution behind it, seems to me to be guilty of the same act of folly."

He spoke with so much earnestness, that I was nearly as much surprised as my Protestant friend, and neither of us liked to interrupt him. He then went on to tell us how the Italian Government had lately distinguished itself in Japan. There had been a revival of persecution there against the Christians,

and a good many native Christians had been cast into prison. All the European powers had protested, through their resident representatives, against this, and had urged the liberation of the prisoners, except the Government of Victor Emmanuel. It certainly seemed a very logical thing that the men who hold the Pope captive at Rome should be ashamed to interfere in favor of Christian captives in Japan.

CHAPTER II.

LADY TESIMOND'S SALON.

I have often heard complaints against our forms of social intercourse, and especially on the part of those who have lived much abroad, and so have become accustomed to the foreign methods of meeting the same requirements. I suppose that, after making all deductions on the score of frivolity, or again of that loss of charity which is sure to follow upon the prevalence of gossip and tittle-tattle, even among persons whose lives are in other respects innocent, there will still remain a great weight of important consideration in favor of opportunities for frequent cultivation of what may be called the art of conversation in the highest sense of the word. Conversation can no more be set aside as a means of doing good and of advancing the cause of truth than writing or mere formal speaking, and in a country and at a time when the press is powerful and so mischievous, it seems highly unfitting that social intercourse and polished conversation, from which the tone of society, and so ulti-

mately of the press, must in fact be taken, should not be studied and cultivated on the very highest ground.

I can imagine a great deal that might be said on the subject which I have thus touched upon, especially with respect to the great need which is at present felt of bringing Catholics together and of emboldening them to act in concert one with another as far as their legitimate influence on society and on public affairs extends. But I have said enough by way of introducing my readers to the company in which I chanced to spend an hour or two on the evening of the day on which I had had the conversation with Don Venanzio related in the last chapter. Lord and Lady Tesimond, who represent one of our old Catholic families, and who have lived a good deal in Germany and France, from which last country they only finally returned two years ago, just before the outbreak of the German war, have brought with them just the very foreign custom of which I have been speaking. It is not that they set up for a regular *salon*, as far as I understand what is meant by the term, but they are in the habit of being "at home" most evenings in the week to their friends, and you can walk in without ceremony on any of these evenings, and are pretty sure to find six or seven, sometimes many more, who have come in as yourself. The Tesimonds' children—one son and two daughters—are all married, so that there is the drawback that there are no permanent "young folk" to gild the little party; but Lord Tesimond is a very well read man, of active mind, who,

though he has never been able to get over an unfortunate constitutional shyness, which makes him shrink from much public speaking, and indeed from any great amount of public action, still keeps his eye on all the questions of the day, and enjoys nothing more than really intellectual conversation. Lady Tesimond is a perfect second to him as to all matters relating to social intercourse. Her mother was a Frenchwoman, of a noble emigré family, and the foreign strain in her composition has no doubt something to do with the indescribable freshness of her character. It is like some of those notes in a perfect harmony which are felt in their influence on the whole result rather than heard themselves, or like that habit of thinking half in foreign idioms, which gives a kind of exotic fragrance to the pure Anglo-Saxon in which some of our best writers who have lived some time abroad express their thoughts. But I need not describe Lady Tesimond further, as she may perhaps become known in other ways to the readers of these lines.

The party that I found at Lady Tesimond's that evening was very pleasant. The eldest son was there, having just arrived from the country, where he had been staying with his father-in-law, Mr. Amyot, of Shotcote Park. He had been married about six months, and his wife had brought up her sister, Miss Grace Amyot, for a short stay in London with her new parents. There was also present a young French Count, a family relation of Lady Tesimond's, a venerable old Abbé who was travelling with him, and my friend Father Windsor.

The company was large enough to be broken up into two sets, if it had been so disposed; but on that evening we all sat round the open window of the drawing-room in Hyde Park Gardens, from which so little was to be seen except the trees of the garden and the park that we might almost have believed ourselves to be in the country.

Grace Amyot was telling Lady Tesimond of a friend of hers whom she had met at the door of a church that afternoon with a large brown paper parcel in her arms, the shape of which betrayed the presence of a goodly number of candles as its contents. "She seemed to be taking them home," said Grace, "instead of leaving them in the church, and when I asked her what she was about, she said she was taking home blessed candles against the three days of darkness which were soon to come."

"It must have been Mrs. Shackelrammer, I'll be bound," said the young Mrs. Tesimond.

"The same," said Grace. "She said the darkness had been expected before the last feast of the Immaculate Conception, but that somehow or other the calculation had been wrong. But it was not far off, she felt sure."

"You know, of course, what she meant?" said Father Windsor, who, as I observed, did not even smile at the story. Those of us, however, who knew the good little lady in question, could not suppress our amusement—not at the thing itself so much as at the little tincture of the grotesque which is certain to be found about her, even in her most serious and pious moments.

"Well," said Edward Tesimond,

"Barbara and I found the same sort of anticipation prevailing in France and in the Rhenish Provinces when we were abroad, and we heard people speaking of it as existing in Italy. I asked an old Benedictine about it, at Cologne, I think, and he said it was founded on the reports of a prediction of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi about the horrors which were to happen in Rome, but that even supposing all that had been ever said of the kind by a person like Anna Maria—who was, it seems, a great saint in her day—was dictated by a true spirit of prophecy, no one could depend upon the accuracy with which her words had been reported, much less on the exact meaning of the prediction. In fact, he didn't seem to set much store by this particular prophecy. But you can't think," he continued, "how hot people seem to be abroad on the subject of predictions. The little *brochures* and pamphlets that we saw concerning them were almost numberless."

"I wonder whether it is a good sign," said Barbara, "this great hankering after prophecies? I remember our Grannie McOrven never would let us read the prophecy of Orval when we were little girls."

Mrs. McOrven's name was in honor among the Tesimonds, and there was then a little interlude of inquiries about this old lady. Then the conversation got back to the question of the prophecies. Father Windsor remarked that in times of great excitement, of rapid changes, of unexpected catastrophes, and the like, the public mind was easily unhinged, and the interest about prophecies was a symptom of this. "In England," he said, "last year,

there were two great classes of publications which became absolutely a nuisance, but which were bought up eagerly on every side—*Dame Europa* books and *Battle of Dorking* books. In France, of late, it has been difficult almost to count the publications about the German war, the Army of the Loire, and the Commune. The taste for prophetic literature, in the Christian sense, is a symptom of the same state of mind in the public; and not altogether an unhealthy symptom, though it has its dangers." Then he appealed to the French Abbé and the young Count to say whether there was not a considerable increase in devotion and in Christian activity generally by the side of all this eagerness about prophecies.

The old Abbé, who spoke English with a slight accent, but still very well, replied that religion had, as far as he could see, taken a great start in France since the war, though Paris was said to be unconverted, the theatres more licentious than ever, and the bad classes of society only made more furious by their temporary defeat, as they deem it. "You must remember, also," he said, "that there have been a great many intimations, as I may call them—warnings from Providence by means of what are thought to be supernatural manifestations. Of course we are not to be too ready to believe every tale of this kind that is brought to us; still it would be wrong to deny that such things have been and may be: in many cases the evidence is very strong indeed—quite incontrovertible it would be called if its tendency were to establish some fact of a merely

natural character. And then besides, the end to which all these manifestations appear to look is indisputably good, that is, the rousing of the Christian people to greater vigilance, more exactness in the service of God, to the getting rid of abuses and scandals, such as the desecration of the Sunday, blasphemy, and the like. All these things are in favor, with pious, Christian minds, of a practical belief in the many intimations of coming calamities of which I speak; and when these intimations are repeated, and when great calamities have actually come upon flourishing nations, it is but natural, among other things, that people should turn with eager interest to what appear to be utterances of the prophetic gift in the Church with regard to what is to follow later."

"I am not sure," said Lord Tesimond, "that we all understand what you mean, Monsieur l'Abbé, by these intimations of which you speak? Do you mean the appearances of our Blessed Lady at La Salette and at Lourdes?"

"I should count the appearances at La Salette and at Lourdes as among the facts of which I speak," said the Abbé. "In both cases, there have been at least too great confirmations of the reality of the apparition—I mean, that a new sanctuary and a new pilgrimage have arisen, which have drawn to themselves the devotion of a great number of pilgrims, and the other fact that many graces and favors have been accorded to persons who have used the water which is drawn from the springs which either existed or sprang into existence on those spots. In both cases the practical

import of the message which was said to be conveyed to Christians in general, was the necessity of penitence. But these are only two out of a number of similar phenomena, if I may use such a word, up and down Christendom. There have been many in France, and it seems as if Providence had arranged that France should be specially visited by these forewarnings, to prepare her for the great chastisement which she is now undergoing, and of which we have not yet, perhaps, seen the worst. It will soon be fifty years since the Cross of Migné was seen in the air; then there were the bleeding hosts at Vrigny aux Bois, close to Sedan, at the time of the Italian war of 1859, the beginning of all our present miseries; and a little before that, the tears on the Ciborium at Allonville, in 1857. There have been other manifestations later than these, during the German war, or subsequently to it, such as the marvels at Larche in 1871, and the appearance of our Blessed Lady at Pontmain early in the same year, while Paris was capitulating."

"We have heard of this last," said Lord Tesimond, "because a good English ecclesiastic has drawn attention to it; but I suspect that the others are new to most of us. What do you mean by the Cross of Migné?"

"I can speak better of that than the others," said the Abbé, "for I was present more than twenty years ago, in the Advent of 1851, when Monseigneur Pie, the Bishop of Poitiers, in whose diocese Migné lies, and who, as you know, is one of the glories of the French Church, preached to the people of Migné

itself at the foot of the cross which was erected at the time of the appearance, which took place a quarter of a century before. I remember well how the Bishop took for his text the words of St. John—*Quod vidimus oculis nostris, quod perspeximus, et manus nostræ contrectaverunt, testamur et annuntiamus vobis*;^{*} how he appealed to the populace themselves to bear witness to their remembrance of the prodigy, and how he spoke of the effect which had followed, which was, that all the inhabitants became good Christians. The prodigy was nothing but a large luminous cross, seen in the air by the whole crowd assembled at the door of the church to witness the planting of a cross at the close of the exercises of a mission. There was one man there who could not see what the others saw, and his being excepted struck him so forcibly that he became a true penitent, after having, with many others, who were also converted, stood out against the mission and all the efforts of the missionaries.”†

“But,” said Edward Tesimond, “I hardly see how this appearance of a cross in the air, even though witnessed by the population of a whole parish, can have any necessary connection with calamities which were to happen a good deal more than forty years later.”

“No,” said the Abbé, “the connection is not certain. I am only saying, that when well-authenticated prodigies of this kind takes place, men’s minds are prepared to expect prophecies also. This

Cross of Migné is said to have been predicted by a man very famous in his day in the west of France, the Abbé Souffran, who gave it as a test for the truth of a number of other predictions; relating, among other things, to the ultimate restoration of the Bourbons, of whom he was a partisan. He died not long before the Revolution of 1830. There is always a difficulty in the case of predictions like those which are attributed to him. He does not seem to have written any down himself, at all events there are in circulation different versions of what he said. If one could be quite sure that these are authentic, we should have to acknowledge him as a true prophet, so far as events have already gone, for he foretold the exile of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the fall of Louis Philippe, the Second Republic, and the return of the Napoleons: at least, so we can read his predictions now, by the light of the past. For what is yet to come, he seems to dwell very much on the coming of a certain great monarch, who is to do wonders for the Church.”

The young Count’s eyes began to glisten, and I could see that he was brimful of enthusiasm about this future great monarch. Before, however, he could speak, Lady Tesimond broke in, and asked the Abbé to tell her what he meant by the other prodigies he had alluded to in France. “We will come to the prophecies in due time, M. le Comte,” she said.

The account which the Abbé gave of the other prodigies was interesting in its way. What occurred at Vrigny aux Bois was this,

^{*} 1 St. John 1:1-3.

† See Œuvres de Monseigneur Pie, t. i, p. 445 seq.

that on four different occasions in the early months of 1859 the parish priest at that place observed upon the sacred host after consecration some drops of blood, which could not have come there by any natural means. The prodigy was witnessed by many besides himself, and one of the "miraculous" hosts is preserved to the present day in a new church which has been built in the place of the old parish church in which the fact occurred. It is remarked that the appearances were simultaneous with dates of importance in the Italian war of Napoleon the Third, and that the Emperor had himself to pass through Vriigny on his road to captivity at Wilhelmshöhe after the surrender of Sedan. The tears on the Ciborium at Allonville were remarked in April and June in 1857. The appearances at Larche, in the diocese of Tulle, took place as late as last year (September, 1871). The priest at the altar, the choir boys, and a number of other persons present at Benediction, observed that the Blessed Sacrament in the "monstrance" appeared at first transparent, then colored, then like living flesh. The effect on the witnesses was one of great terror.

Besides these prodigies, which he had already mentioned, the good Abbé went on to speak of a number of other remarkable appearances in other countries besides France. He spoke of an apparition of our Blessed Lady in Bavaria, at Obermauerbach, as long ago as 1848, to a young shepherd boy—to whom she gave a message exhorting the people to penitence. He mentioned a somewhat similar apparition in Tuscany, in 1853, at

a place called Cerretto, where Our Lady appeared to a girl of twelve years old, by name Veronica Nucei, who was tending some sheep. Our Lady said that she was called "Mary of the Seven Sorrows," urged the people to penitence, and enjoined the erection of a church on the spot, where a spring had gushed forth. The devotion spread in Italy so much that in a few years sufficient offerings were made to provide for the building of the new sanctuary, as at La Salette and Lourdes. The Abbé spoke also of several instances of prodigies like those which some years ago attracted so much attention in the case of Maria de Moerl and the Addolorata of Capriana. The most remarkable of these *stigmatisées* or *ecstaticas* which he mentioned were Louise Lateau, of Bois d'Haine, in Belgium, and Palma Maria Matarrelli, at Oria, in the kingdom of Naples, not far from Lecce. Louise Lateau we had all heard of in England. The name of the other was new to most of us, but the facts of her case seemed to be very remarkable indeed. They have not yet, he said, been formally examined by ecclesiastical authority, on account of the state of affairs in Italy, which have not, however, prevented the officials of the Piedmontese government from torturing the poor lady by the application of painful tests of many kinds, with the view of discovering whether her state is one of real ecstasy.

Some one remarked that the south of Italy was in a way the home of strange prodigies; that the miracles in the lives of Neapolitan saints had often a particularly mar-

vellous, sometimes a grotesque, character, and that there were standing wonders to be found in that part of the world, such as the periodical liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, and of St. Pantaleon at Ravello, which were hardly to be found elsewhere.

"The whole subject," said the Abbé, "is one to make us very thoughtful, and no doubt there is a beautiful economy in the arrangements, if I may so say, of miracles, shrines, pilgrimages, and other like phenomena in the Church, an economy which we do not easily fathom. Certainly there is a particular characteristic about prodigies in the south of Italy if you compare them with similar prodigies in France for instance—perhaps it is simply that the people have a simpler and richer faith. Of all the wonderful phenomena of the present day, about which we are speaking, I know of none more characteristic than what are related in connection with a certain waxen Bambino, or image of our Saviour as an Infant, which is honored at Bari, where the shrine of St. Nicolas is. The Bambino is simply a figure of the Holy Infant, which has been for many years in the possession of a pious family. It now belongs to two old sisters, who live a quiet retired life—one of them is said to be 'stigmatized,' and has the reputation of sanctity. They are watched over by a good priest, who is a near relative, and spend their time chiefly in prayer. The Bambino is kept in a glass case, which used to be easily opened or shut as the owners chose, but is now sealed up by the ecclesiastical authorities. Sometimes the holy image streams

with perspiration, which wets the cloths placed under it through and through. These cloths are wrung out, and the liquor collected and distributed. But sometimes the figure streams with blood, from places corresponding to the wounds of our Lord on the Cross, and many cures have been wrought by means of this blood. Sometimes the figure changes its position in its case, it also exhales a fragrant odor, and marks of crosses and other holy symbols are found on the linen placed near it."

"Do you not suppose," said Lord Tesimond, "that there must always be—especially in Catholic countries, where people find no difficulty in such things, in pilgrimages, for instance, *ex voto* offerings, and what I may call the familiar use of the intercession and miraculous power of the Saints—a considerable number of what modern philosophers would call phenomena of this kind? It is quite clear that the atmosphere, so to speak, of the primitive Church of the Apostles, as painted for us in the Acts, and again of the Church in the time of St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Gregory, or later still, of St. Bernard or St. Vincent Ferrer, is an atmosphere of supernaturalism evidencing itself in miracles, prophecies, graces granted to prayer by means of the Saints and their relics, or, again, in the later periods, of images and pictures of our Lord, of our Lady, and the Saints, and it has always seemed to me natural that the same should be the atmosphere of the Church in the present or any other age. Do you suppose that there are more of these things of which you have been speaking

at this particular time than a century ago, for instance? May not the difference be that we hear more about them now?"

"That such things have always existed, and always will exist, in the Church, is, I take it, undoubted," said the Abbé. "But there may be times when it is according to the counsels of Providence that the manifestations should be multiplied and made more known, in order to rouse people to prayer and give them greater hope under their calamities. Whatever other result may be intended, this must be clearly intended. There are some recurrent prodigies in Italy, at least what are considered such—the flowing of the torrent at Assisi, by the monastery of the Carceri, for instance, which is always held to be a sign of coming calamity. The same may be said of the pictures or statues which have been seen to move their arms, their limbs, or their position, the great instance of which in our time was the Madonna of Rimini. But this was only one of many instances which are recorded in history, for phenomena of this kind are mentioned in connection with the sack of Rome under the Constable de Bourbon in the sixteenth century, and at the end of the last century, when the revolutionary armies first came into Italy, the prodigy was so frequent that the evidence of sworn witnesses was collected as to a number of instances at Rome, and a feast established in honor of our Lady in consequence. In the same way we hear of some wonderful 'thorns' which have appeared in the relic of the heart of St. Teresa, at Alba de Tormez, in Spain, which

seem to have been contemporaneous with great calamities to the Church in that country. Altogether, we may suppose that there is an ordinary 'economy,' if we may use the word, of prodigies as well as of prophecies in the Church, but that this is occasionally enhanced by more extraordinary manifestations in times of great danger, when the Christian people, as I have said, are intended to make extraordinary efforts of prayer and penance in order to avert great blows or win great victories, rather, I should say, in order to do their part in averting the one and winning the other. And I think we cannot doubt that our own time is one of the critical moments in the history of the Church. God may have great gifts in store for us after our sufferings, but now is the time for prayer. *Prions donc! prions donc!*"

The good Abbé was so much affected that he communicated his emotion to his listeners. Just then two or three more visitors joined the party, and the conversation ceased to be general. I was rather inclined to regret that we had not drawn out our good friend about the ancient prophecies to which the conversation had referred at the beginning, and I said so to Edward and Barbara Tesimond as I was taking leave of them. "Come to-morrow night," said Edward, "and we will get the good Abbé to carry on the subject."

CHAPTER III.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PREDICTIONS.

On two evenings following that on which the last-mentioned con-

versation took place, we had what we thought a rare treat at Lord Tesimond's. The old French Abbé happened to be very full of the subject which we had started, and which, indeed, as he said, was at that time occupying a surprising amount of attention in France and elsewhere on the Continent. Everywhere there was an uneasy feeling that the present state of things could not last, a want of confidence in the competency of the men at present at the head of affairs to deal with the dangerous elements in society, which were surging beneath their feet, and which they had themselves used for the purpose of their own advancement, and, in the third place, a strong feeling that an end would be put to the present painful crisis by a sudden convulsion followed by some great stroke of mercy from on high rather than by quieter and more ordinary means. I wish I could convey to my readers a share of the interest which we all felt in the utterances of that "old man eloquent," as he sat in the gradually darkening rooms, with the last rays of daylight seemingly caught in his long flowing white hair, with the sisters, Grace Amyot and Mrs. Tesimond, whom he had known as children, on low seats at his feet, and the rest of the party grouped in silence around him. But I have but a small space at my disposal, and I must endeavor to summarize my recollections of the substance of the conversation instead of relating the dialogue itself. In fact, after a time, we did not interrupt the Abbé with many questions, he seemed to have the matter so entirely in order in his own mind,

that we felt sure that any difficulty that might occur to us would sooner or later be met with in the due course of his statement.

He began by laying down that the gift of prophecy, like the gift of miracles, could never be supposed to be entirely absent from the Church. It was present in the beginning of the Church, the history of which we have in the Acts of the Apostles, it was present in the prophetic descriptions and prophecies of the Church in the Old Testament. It is, moreover, generally found that this gift of prophecy, as to certain particulars, has been communicated more or less to the great Saints of all times—that as they have occasionally the gift of working miracles, or, again, of speaking with tongues, so also have they occasionally the gift of prophecy as to the future. It is more usual to find that these predictions relate to the future acts or fortunes of this or that person; but this gift is of the same kind with the foreknowledge of the future of the Church or of nations. We find that St. Paul knew what was to happen after his departure to the churches which he had founded in Asia, and we find a perpetual use of the gift of prophecy as to what was to befall him at Jerusalem in one Christian community after another which he visited on his way. All these and other considerations were adduced to show in the first place that the forecasting of the future was one of the gifts which God gave to the Church, in whatever measure it might seem good to him at various times. This being the case, it followed as a necessity that a certain

blessing must be attached to devout and temperate attention paid to the exercise and fruits of the gift. To this he applied the words of St. Peter: "We have the more firm prophetic word, whereunto you do well to attend, as to a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts."*

The Abbé then said that in considering the exercise of this great gift of prophecy in all ages of the Church, it was most natural to begin with the prophecies which are to be found in the sacred Scriptures themselves, many of which are as yet unfulfilled. Among these, the first place must of course be given to the prophecies of Daniel and of St. John. The prediction of Daniel (c. 7) in which the succession of the four great empires is described, is much more particular than anything in St. John, and there is a very widely received interpretation of the passage about the ten "horns" which are to spring out of the Roman Empire, three of which are subdued by the "little" horn which rises after them, according to which that part of the prophecy refers to Mahomet and the Mahometan power, which is foreseen as subduing three of the kingdoms which have arisen out of the ruins of the Roman Empire. This interpretation would imply that the duration of the Mahometan Empire is to be limited to the one thousand two hundred and sixty days spoken of in the prophecy, and, if this be so, the destruction of the Turkish Empire would take place in a few years

from the present time, after which it is said that "the kingdom and power and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the saints of the Most High." This, then, would imply that we are at present on the eve of a great change in the East, which will involve the destruction of Islamism. But this, as every one may say, would lead to the removal of the greatest of all impediments to the universal reign of Christianity.

Without giving this interpretation as perfectly certain, the Abbé went on to speak of a very famous explanation of the Apocalypse in the seventeenth century, by a man who was and is considered a great saint, and who is thought in particular to have had a special commission to interpret the prophecy of St. John. This was the Ven. Bartholomew Holzhauser, who died in Germany in 1658. This holy man divides the history of the Church, as foreshadowed in the Apocalypse, into seven periods, the first of which ends with Nero, the second with Constantine, the third with Charlemagne, the fourth with the period of the Reformation, Charles the Fifth, and Luther. The fifth, in which, according to Holzhauser, we now are, he describes as an age in which the Catholics are oppressed by heretics and bad Catholics, an age of wars and calamities, in which thrones are to be overthrown and monarchs put to death, republics established, and the Church and her ministers plundered. This fifth age, he says, is to be ended by the appearance of a great and holy Pontiff, and a very powerful monarch, who is to come

* 2 St. Peter 1: 19.

as a messenger of God to put an end to all disorders. He is to make everything subject to his own power, and to show great zeal for the true Church. Heresies will be destroyed, the Turkish Empire overthrown, and all nations are to come and adore God in the true Catholic and Roman faith. The great monarch is to be helped by heaven in delivering the world from the wicked, and to bring to a happy conclusion a great Council, the greatest of all, which will have to pass through many tribulations.

The Abbé seemed to think, that, considering the nature of the subject-matter, there was here a fair amount of evidence for the supposition that a tradition of some sort has existed for many centuries as to a future great triumph of the Christian cause under a Western king. It is more difficult, he thought, to fix the time of such a triumph. In all prophecies, time is the most uncertain element—the events which are predicted seem to be seen, as it were, without perspective or distance. But then, he added, there were a number of later and more special predictions which clearly referred to the times in which we live. A good many people, he said, dwelt a great deal upon the catalogue of the Popes, each of whom is distinguished by some short motto, which is attributed to St. Malachy, the friend of St. Bernard. But this prophecy was never discovered or published till the sixteenth century; and there is no conclusive evidence as to its authorship. This would not be decisive against the reality or truthfulness of the prophecy, and it cannot be denied that the mottoes attached

to the reigns of the few last Popes are wonderfully adapted to them. Pius the Sixth, who went to Vienna to intercede with Joseph the Second, is *Peregrinus Apostolicus*; Pius the Seventh has the words *Aquila Rapax*, descriptive of his sufferings under Napoleon; Gregory the Sixteenth, the Camaldolese monk, has *De Balneis Etruriæ*, and the present Holy Father, as is well known, has *Crux de Cruce*, an epigraph admirably suited to the many sufferings of his Pontificate, even if we do not remember that the chief outrages upon him have been perpetrated under the flag of the house of Savoy. The next Pope, according to this series, has *Lumen in Cælo* as his motto; and this is supposed to denote that he will witness that wonderful interposition of heaven in favor of the Church which so many anxiously expect. But the Abbé said that the mottoes in this list of Popes had often to be explained with so much straining in order to make them fit the reigns of the several Pontiffs, that we could not build much on the character of the next motto after *Crux de Cruce*. Still, there is no doubt that this so-called prophecy of St. Malachy has a great hold on the public imagination, and it is combined, by those who expect a great triumph of the Church at the close of the present Pontificate, with the other prophecies which speak of a great and marvellous change, which is now supposed to be imminent. Pius the Ninth is thought to be, as it has been expressed by one of the prophecies which the Abbé quoted, “the last Pope of the oppressed Church, *Crux de Cruce*: he is to have sorrow, but also joy. After him, is to

come the deliverance, *Lumen in Cælo.*" There is also something to the same effect in the famous prophecies of the *Sœur de la Nativité*, who dictated her predictions nearly at the end of the last century, amid the first furies of the French Revolution. She foretold the calamities that were to come upon France, and that ultimately the pernicious principles of the day as embodied in the "Constitution," would be condemned by a great Council, and that then order, peace, and religion would be established by a great Power, guided by the Holy Ghost. This is thought to refer to the future great King.

On the second of the two evenings of which I have spoken, the good Abbé told us about contemporary prophecies more particularly. Here, he said, there was more than usual danger. The same Scriptures which testify to the perpetual existence of the prophetic gift in the Church, and to the blessings which may be gained by a devout consideration of its utterances, also bid us put such things to the test, and not to be ready to believe "every spirit." "This is just what a great number of persons," he said, "are forgetting at this moment. There is a great deal of exaggerated curiosity and unhealthy excitement, and people catch at words repeated second or thirdhand from the mouth of some one who is supposed to be a saint or to have some supernatural communications, and twist what they hear in accordance with their own desires. The consequence is that they prepare for themselves disappointment, and expose religion and religious persons to the mockery and jeers of

unbelievers. There are many who have fixed in their own minds when the counter revolution is to begin in Europe, in which country it is to triumph first, how it is then to spread to other countries, who are to be the persons who are to be prominent in bringing it about, and the like. They have settled already who the Prince Dieudonné is to be, and from the manner in which they have talked, they would expose, not only themselves, but the sacred gift of prophecy itself, to serious ridicule, if the person on whom they have fixed were to die without accomplishing the task which they have allotted to him." He then told us an anecdote of a good old priest who used to go about saying that a certain "anima santa" had told him that he should himself live till he saw the Church again triumphant in Rome, and who very much disappointed his friends by dying in the course of last summer. The Holy Father himself, he added, had recently spoken against overcredulity, especially in contemporary prophecies.

Under these reserves, the Abbé gave us a few of the most remarkable of the predictions which had come under his notice, and which, as he said, would soon be proved either true or false, by the natural lapse of time. One of the best authenticated was a prophecy of the venerable Rosa Venerini (the foundress of a congregation of religious women for the education of the young), who, rather more than a century ago, appeared to one of her congregation whose life was despaired of by the physicians, told her that she was to be immediately restored to health (as it actually

happened), and also that in a short time the Holy Father would witness his triumph, but that much prayer was needed, because a great chastisement from the hand of God was to come first. Another prophecy to which he gave some credit was uttered by Marie Lataste, a nun of the Sacre Cœur, who died in 1847. This predicted the desolation of Rome under the present usurping government, and the subsequent triumph of the present Pope after rather more than three years and a half of his present captivity, by means of the intervention of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he has done so much honor by the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Another, which came from a person known to have predicted the fall of the second empire, and the fact that the Pope would live beyond "the years of Peter." The same person had foretold the deliverance of Rome after the same interval of oppression already mentioned. Three years and a half, it must be remembered, is the length of the reign of Antichrist in Scripture, and that space of time often recurs in prophecy. This, however, would not account for the coincidence of their predictions with others of older date, especially a prophecy which is said to have been made by Anna Maria Taigi, whom we have already had to mention. As she died in 1837, it could only have been by a prophetic speech that she was led to foretell, as she seems to have foretold, the definition of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility, the war between Prussia and France, and the spoliation of the temporal dominions of the Pope. She is also said to have de-

clared that Pius the Ninth would reign more than twenty-seven years, in which case he would probably see the triumph of the Church spoken of in the other predictions just now mentioned.

The Abbé added that the prophecies attributed to the living Ecstatica at Oria in Italy could not be depended upon for certain, as you could never tell what is authentic and what not, but that if they were authentic they must either be taken in great measure from what is reported of the predictions of Anna Maria Taigi, or be independent of them. If the latter were the case, the similarity between them was very striking. According to these prophecies, Victor Emmanuel is to fall, there will be a great crisis at Rome, apparently a short reign of terror under the Red Republic, which is to be terminated in some very wonderful manner, so that the Pope will live to see the beginning of the last great triumph of the Church.

I think the young French Count was rather annoyed that the Abbé did not more positively identify the coming deliverer of France and the Church with the Comte de Chambord. But he said he remembered the time when these same prophecies, or many of them, were applied to the present Emperor of Austria, who had certainly disappointed the hopes of the Church altogether. He insisted that we should receive all such particular explanations with the greatest caution, and use the predictions rather to foster hope, encourage prayer, and prompt to strong united exertions for the cause of good, than for the indulgence of party or per-

sonal feeling, or the formation of highflown and perhaps illusory expectations.

This led to some more questions as to predictions about the nations just mentioned. There was one about the extinction of the German royal family, another about the restoration of Poland, and a third about

the conversion of Russia; but the Abbé did not seem to pin his faith upon them, and concluded by insisting again that the best fruit to be gathered from all these prophecies was increased courage and hopefulness in prayer for the deliverance of the Church.

FURTHER THOUGHTS ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF EMBRACING THE SO-CALLED REFORMATION.

THE result of our interview of the prophets, founders, and guides of the so-called Reformation, as recorded in our last article, has been very repulsive. By the suggestion of Melancthon, who was perplexed when Luther took to himself a Bore for wife, we thought there must be something, "deep (not divine as he said) and mysterious in the business;" and further that, by thinking about it, we might be able to fish up from the dark muddy gulf a bit of sponge to wipe off from the walls of the Reformation Pantheon, the condemnatory inscription. Faithfully and earnestly we have given ourselves to cogitation in the full vigor of "modern thought," and plied the faculty like the strong-minded women.

Perhaps our conclusion has been too hasty? It may be that our examination has not been sufficiently extensive, that we must discover the opportunity so precious and desirable, if we will "*try all the spirits.*" Well then, we will, like the

Arctic explorers, push on through ice-floes, ice-packs, ice-bergs, and try to navigate from the dark Atlantic of Romanism into the smiling Pacific of Protestantism, through the delightful passage of an abandonment of the Pope. And this the more earnestly and quickly in order to escape a popish inconvenience just now drifting ahead, namely, "*Lent*;" and another, in case of "*Easter Confession*," when some neighbors would be called upon to submit to the tyrannical despotism of restitution for swindling and cheating.

First, we are to recognize and array the spheres in which the spirits are to be found, all and each of them having an equal claim on our attention, being equally deserving the same minute trial. Here they are! "*Mystics, Sands, Præexistents, Nonjurors, Hernhutters, Huguenots, Seceders, Independents, Newlights, Gnostics, Angelics, Halcyons, Rustics, Whitecoats, Knipperdollings, Libertines, Tur-*

lapins, Jesuans, French Prophets, Fifth Monarchy-men, Christian Churchmen, Men of Understanding, Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit, Repentants, Bonhommes, Momiers, Burghers, Anti-burghers, Rationals, Abstainers, Adalberts, Agonites, Albigenes, Iconoclasts, Apostolics, Aquatics, Copts, Calistines, Brigentines, Celestines, Chaplines, Lollards, Lutherans, Publicans, Docetes, Judaizing Christians, Pacifics, Perfects, Quartodecimans, Adoptionists, Aerinists, Anthiasists, Arnoldists, Adranists, Bardesneists, Diaphorists, Conscientionists, Metamorphosists, Davidists, Priscillianists, Donatists, Duallists, Familists, Jovianists, Montanists, Jansenists, Calvinists, Reformationists, Deists, Roscellinists, Runcariists, Sabellianists, Saccophorists, Baptists, Rebaptists, General Baptists, Particular Baptists, Anabaptists, Pædobaptists, Anti-pædobaptists, Hemerobaptists, Revivalist-Baptists, Methodists, Wesleyan Methodists, Calvinistic Methodists, Arminian Methodists, Pilgrim Methodists, Shouting Methodists, Moderate Methodists, Revival Methodists, New-connection Methodists, Universalists, Theophilanthropists, Annihilationists, Congregationalists, Quietists, Hattemists, Materialists, Semi-quietists, Claudlists, Gomarists, Philadelphia-Universalists, Brownists, Elipandists, Phantasiasts, Non-conformists, Enthusiasts, Agionites, Agonicillites, Appellites, Agnacobites, Antemonites, Artoburites, Baraabites, Ascites, Bethlemites, Ophites, Ascophites, Eonites, Audensites, Hierocites, Bainsites, Cabalites, Capmanites, Encretites,

Euchites, Helvidensites, Hussites, Heracleonites, Maronites, Melchites, Nicolaites, Orebiters, Puseyites, Tankellanites, Wickliffites, Tatianites, Adamites, Præadamites, Tritheites, Haldanites, Cainites, Marcionites, Tanchelnites, Valleyites, Brianites, Walkerites, Kissites, Elexasites, Henryites, Glassites, Ebionites, Jacobites, Mennonites, Felixites, Monothelites, Metangismonites, Antimarianites, Anthropomorphites, Hydroparastatites, Passatoryrichites, Agapatœians, Agarenians, Agricolanians, Albanians, Andronicans, Antitactœans, Apotactœans, Bassilidians, Theatians, Beguardians, Bogomilians, Carpocratians, Circumcillians, Coelicolœians, Pereans, Colluthians, Collyridians, Eusabians, David-Georgians, Eustathians, Marsillians, Fratricillians, Eutychians, Hermians, Hermogenians, Energicians, Melicians, Patarinians, Acephalians, Noetians, Bereans, Photinians, Passagians, Dulcinians, Praxions, Proclians, Ptolomœans, Sampseans, Secundareans, Manicheans, Setheans, Theodatians, Sandemonians, Valecians, Corinthians, Dorretians, Moravians, Patricians, Satanians, Serpentinians, Saturninians, Stadthinians, Zancheans, Melchizedeeans, Wilhelminians, Onians, Pelagians, Paulicians, Valeninians, Petrobrusians, Anglicans, Puritans, Quintilians, Zuinglians, Arians, Semarians, Severians, Abecederians, Berengerians, Catherians, Nazareans, Baxtereans, Lucifereans, Orbebarians, Sanguinarians, Millenarians, Apollinarians, Sabellarians, Necessarians, Presbyterians, Unitarians, Humanitarians, Sacramentarians, Sabbatarians, Antisabbatarians, Sublapsarians, Suprelapsa-

rians, Predestinarians, Latitudinarians, Antitrinitarians, Ubiquitarians, Menandrians, Rhetorians, Nestorians, Masbothians, Anomians, Antinomians, Neonomians, Athonians, Ardonians, Abellonians, Johnsonians, Cameronians, Hutchinsonians, Muggletonians, Incorrupticolians, Huntingdonians, Ranters, Seekers, Sliders, Backsliders, Tumblers, Swaddlers, Diggers, Dancers, Jerkers, Jumpers, Dunkers, Barkers, Shouters, Shakers, Quakers, Shaking Quakers, Dancing Quakers, Free-thinking Christians, Mormons, Campbellites, and Family of Love."

Try all those spirits! Impossible. The mere marshalling of them makes us cry out, like the *greatest* general of the age, "Let us have peace." Try the spirits! Impossible. The reading of the roll-call, the attempt to mutter their names, has already knocked out two of our teeth. Then, as it is reported on the most reliable authority, those spirits are very boisterous, and much addicted to "tossing to and fro," we are unwilling to expose ourselves to the inconvenience experienced by Sancho Panza when he was "tossed" in a blanket. Moreover, when we see the entire statesmanship of Europe and America so wonderfully *exercised* in eating, drinking, sleeping, travelling, thinking, talking, and, it is even profanely reported, on the verge of fighting about the "Alabama claims," which simple persons, not down to the level of "modern thought," suppose might be settled by half a dozen of treasury clerks, and a couple of corner grocers of the Tammany persuasion; we absolutely decline under-

taking the impracticable task of "trying the spirits." It is lucky that we have decided on that score, for in our "thinking" we remember that Walton in his *Prolegomena* gives the spirits an awful character. "Aristarchus," says he, "could scarce find seven wise men in Greece; but with us there are scarce to be found as many idiots; all are doctors, all are learned. There is not so much as the meanest fanatic or jack-pudding that does not give you his own dreams for the word of God. The bottomless pit seems to have been set open, from which a smoke has arisen which has darkened the heavens, and the stars and locusts are come out with stings (Jersey mosquitoes?), a numerous race of heretics and sectarians, who renewed all the ancient heresies, and invented many monstrous opinions of their own; these have filled our cities, our camps, nay, our pulpits too, and led the poor deluded people with them to the pit of perdition!" Awful! We give it up: no, not yet; like some of our generals in the late war we turn to fall back on reserves which were nowhere. We will do all we can to prove the integrity and impartiality of the exercise of our private judgment which is allowed *only* under the Pope; and to show our appreciation of the politeness of the heathens and publicans, who are so anxious for our (we were about saying "damnation") bogus salvation. Fortunately for the nonce we let down our deepsea line of cogitation into the profound depths of modern thought, and we struck soundings; and we forge ahead (we have been nautically educated) in the desperate hope of discover-

ing a polar sea in the dark, dreary, frigid, and foul waste of the so-called Reformation. Although it is fifty-eight years since we read Goldsmith's History of England we recollect that he relieves the Tudor-Elizabethan establishment from the infamy of its foundation having been made by the arch-miscreant Harry VIII, by stating that "redemption by the crucifixion of our Lord was brought about by the iniquitous operations of His blood-thirsty enemies." We abhor the blasphemous expedient of the heathen Goldsmith, but we find it convenient to regulate our quadrant so as to get an observation of the reformed sun dipping on a horizon of even common decency. Aside then with the blasphemers, murderers, drunkards, and adulterers who wrought, we will examine the work; yes, we will test (not taste) the fruits, even though they have grown like pumpkins in a soil manured with filth and odors. Here are the specimens, few but sufficient.

"*The world has always been an evil tree, but never has it borne ill fruit as in these days of the Reformation. Christendom is fuller than ever of adulterers, usurers, and drunkards*" (John Derits). "*All the crimes,*" writes another, "*which were in the world in the days of Noah and Lot are now in full career*" (Sebastian Frank). "*The majority, both of preachers and hearers,*" adds a third, "*know less of God than the Catholics; for they are whoremongers, drunkards, blasphemers, slanderers, covetous, and the like*" (Johann Erbelin). Several other authorities testify as follows: "*The word of God is*

preached badly enough in your temples; but I do not see that you are one whit better, nay there is even more avarice, more occasion of every fleshly licentiousness." "*Nothing that we (reformers) do prospers, our teaching is without benediction, our ministering without spirit, our sacraments without grace.*" "The consequence of the teaching of the Lutheran gospel is heathenism, epicureanism, and violence, inasmuch as all faith, charity, purity, honesty, godliness, piety, virtue, and fear of God have disappeared both among old and young; it is, at all events, evident from their fruits, that as the Prophet Osee says, there is no truth, no love, no word of God in the land. . . . There prevails such heathenish barbarism of life, that with them sin is no longer sin" (Eban Hesse, Krautwald, Agri-cola). It would be tedious, unprofitable, as it is unnecessary to give more of our sampling; a summary of the matter will suffice for our purpose. Let then the proffered opportunity for the abandonment of Catholicity be contrasted in the light of evidence,—its magnificent anticipations with its miserable results; let any one follow it in its career through the various countries where it found an entrance, and mark the fruits which it produced in each; where it promised peace and happiness he will see it produce disorder, insubordination, murder, rebellion, division of class against class, "*teaching,*" as Swift naively said, "*men to curse and hate each other for the love of God;*" where it promised all the social and domestic virtues, adulteries, divorces, bigamy, fraud, avarice, hardheartedness to the

poor; where it promised piety, lukewarmness, impiety, blasphemy, irreligion; where it promised purer morality, debauchery, fornication, drunkenness, revolting indecency in young and old; where it promised the revival of true faith, confusion, skepticism, contempt of all religion, and utter unbelief; where it promised enlightenment, ignorance, barbarism, contempt of learning, and fanatical hatred of science. Let it be remembered how all this is attested verbally, literally, minutely, by those to whose dearest and most cherished hopes the admission was as gall and wormwood, and the direct and palpable conclusion must be, that the finger of God was *not* in that unhappy movement, that the prestige of its success was hollow and unsubstantial, that its boasted advantages were a juggle and a delusion, its very title a flagitious lie. England's Reformation is thus presented to us. "*A king whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism personified, unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament, such were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her cousin and guest. Sprung from brutal passion, nurtured by selfish policy, the Reformation in England was considered a mere political job by those who had any important share in bringing it about*" (Macaulay).

Where else shall we go for a favorable interview? I cannot tell.

Dr. Ewer, of New York, has been visiting round, and he does not give much encouragement. He is an impartial, truthful, unexceptionable authority. Dr. Ewer says: "*Protestantism is an evident and disastrous failure.*" Nay, more: "*The infidelity of the age and its stubborn prejudices are due to it.*" . . . *There were vast regions of country where its fundamental principles took deep and general root; and in those countries it has absolutely lost its hold. The logical issue of Protestantism destroys Christianity. It is a delusion, a snare to souls. In the lands where it has prevailed, as in Germany, parts of Switzerland, New England, and elsewhere, they are to-day honeycombed with infidelity.*" . . . *There is an attempt to cloud the matter by leading the people to suppose that Protestantism is the cause of all the glories of the nineteenth century. What!*" indignantly exclaims Dr. Ewer, "*the religious dogma that says: 'Away with God's apostolic visible Church, and let every man be his own church, his own priest, his own interpreter of the Bible, and his own judge of what the Bible is, or whether there is any Bible at all!'*" that fatal religious dogma the cause forsooth of all this science and modern light! *It will not do.*"

When the clouds of mockings, delusions, and snares clear away, how cheering by contrast is the brilliant element in which we find ourselves enjoying light and life for the head and heart? When we withdraw the smallest footstep from the shoal of quicksand, how encouraging the firm and immovable rock on which we stand? How charming our decision to adhere to

that which we are possessed of, and taught to appreciate by every criterion, by every comparison, reason, or imagination; and it is that which, in the language of stupid infidelity and dreary ruffianism, is called Popery; but in the language of religion, science, and literature, is called the "*Catholic Church*." Whilst other people would perplex by their folly or their wickedness, the Catholic has to look to the great characters of sanctity, immutability, and perpetuity found eminently and exclusively in the CHURCH of every age and nation. Disengaged from every embarrassment, he turns back, so to speak, with bold and steady step through the darkness and distance of time, and with unerring guidance, until he finds himself in the presence of the Saviour, hearkening to the living oracle of revelation. How magnificent the scene along the Catholic highway, in a faint im-

agery, something like the classical old Appian Way, crowded up to the gates of Rome with monuments of renown? How cheering the contemplation of a society subsisting through the marvellous duration of nineteen hundred years, spread over the continents of the globe, and unto the farthest isles of the ocean, and embracing in its history all that has been truly intelligent and virtuous; accumulating in every successive age the bequests of wisdom and the traditions of utility from the past, gathering out of the waste of time fresh evidences of indefectibility and immortality! In this perpetuity and immutability, a connection with the past is formed that associates us with the wise and virtuous of every generation, and with many members of one body, and through unity in variety connects us with the one HEAD, JESUS CHRIST.

P. E. M.

DISCONTENT.

SOME people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity. Even when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. A child about three years old was crying because his mother had shut the

parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor, compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother, "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of a door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.

AUTUMN.

O AGE of death! O season of decay!
That thief-like quickly came and seized the best
Of this earth's beauty, which before thee lay,
And wore it, withering, on thy joyless crest!

Nor loved, nor welcomed is the certain reign
Of thy shrill tempests and thy cloudy skies!
It grieves our hearts to hear their dismal strain,
Who heard the joyous notes of Summer rise!

How wails the rustling wood in every blast
That fiercely tears its crimson leaflets down;
While falls thy hail, thy chilly rain so fast,
As nature weepeth for her flowery crown.

All gems thou gatherest, Autumn, unto thee—
All, save a few that trembling dare to blow
In thickest forest or on sheltered lea;
They hang their changing heads, their blossoms low.

Ere long they fade, and thy grim step will stand
On mount and plain, victorious and alone;
Beneath thee, ruin and a naked land,
With wrecks, with wasted treasures, all thine own.

Then sad, calm days shall bathe the vapory view
In fitful splendor and mysterious light;
Such days as those before we never knew,
They seem the morning of a dreary night.

The yellow glebe, the vale, the purple hill,
The genial sun that warms the misty air,
The twinkling wavelets of the quiet rill,
And sapphire shades, all faintly mirrored there,

Are not of thee, O Autumn! for thy face
Ne'er spoke in smiles; 'twas Summer's parting knell;
He rallied fondly in his ancient ways,
Then fled, and bade the sorrowing year farewell.

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE autumn has passed away and Christmas is nigh at hand. Always had the shadow of genteel poverty haunted the home of Kathleen. But in old times things were different; she was young and strong, and her earnings and those of Helen, united, made up an income. The case was altered now: Kathleen's youth, and strength also, to some degree, had passed away, and the talents of the orphan girl whom she had rescued from destruction, had for some months earned the money for their joint support.

For some time past Kathleen's health had seemed to improve, and she formed a resolution which made her niece start with astonishment.

"I am going to take a situation, Mary," said she, in a quiet, calm tone of voice, "I am better in health, thank God, and have decided that we must break up house-keeping."

"Do what? Aunt dear," said Mary, in a tone of astonishment, letting the boiling water run over the teapot, which she was about to place on the table for breakfast. "Do what?" she repeated; "have you lost your senses, Aunt Katie?"

"No, my love, I trust not; but now that I feel in better health, I do not think I should be acting rightly to let you do all the work, my own, and I be doing nothing at home."

"Oh, Aunt Katie, Aunt Katie! what shocking things you do say," and here Mary pushed aside the toast she was buttering, and drove angrily away a huge tabby cat, an especial favorite of hers, which had laid basking before the kitchen fire, and had only asked her, in its mute fashion, for its morning meal of bread and milk. "In better health, you say; go and look at your face, now flushed and then pale, look out of the window at that thick fog which is rising, and say if the arduous life of a daily governess be fit for you, and the fifty years that are over your head. Let *me* work, *me*, whom you rescued from destruction when I was a tiresome, helpless infant; me who owe you everything — education, accomplishments, and all. If you break up our little home, Aunt Katie, you will break my heart."

"Mary, love, hearts are too tough to be so broken, they merely get bruised or crushed, and many, many years may we live with our poor, bruised, aching hearts. But do not take on so, my darling; take your breakfast, and we will talk over my new plans."

"I can take no breakfast this morning, Aunt Katie," and Mary's big blue eyes were swimming in tears; "how can you distress me so? Look how economically we live: you keeping our home in order and making up all our clothes, and then talking as if you did nothing. Of course," she continued, holding out her hands, in

the heat of argument, "of course, if we are to break up our home, I must take a resident situation, and you—Oh! how ridiculous, Aunt Katie, now, what can you do?—go out in the same fashion, and have your weak nerves tormented by a set of unruly children, and girls hard to manage? Why, it has its difficulties to me, but for you it is *impossible*."

"I did not think of going out as a governess, my darling, only as companion, or housekeeper in some situation of trust, love, such as ladies of middle age not unfrequently occupy."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Mary, "a companion! You, yourself delicate in health, an attendant companion on some lady who may require attention far less than yourself; or housekeeper, which means a servant, very often—nine times out of ten. And fancy, just fancy yourself at the head of a staff of unmanageable domestics, responsible for all their misdemeanors, *you*, a nervous, timid woman, never out in all your life before, and at your age to think of such a thing. It is mere madness; that is all I have to say about it, and—" "Rat, tat," and Mary started from her seat, and in two minutes returned with four letters in her hand.

"'M. F.,' 'M. F.,' 'M. F.' Good. These are answers to my advertisement. Cruel Aunt Katie, to talk to me of breaking up home and going out. The fourth is from Aunt Nelly; we will open that last. But, see, our tea gets cold."

"I vote for breakfast, and *then* the letters."

"I cannot wait, Aunt Katie, but do you begin."

Then Mary broke the seal of a pretty little note, written on tinted paper; it ran as follows:

"Mrs. Mellish will be glad if M. F. will call at No. —, Rutland Square, at eleven A.M., on Thursday. She requires a governess for her youngest daughter. M. F. would have to reside in the neighborhood, and go home to dine. Her eldest daughter understands German like a native, draws from nature, and plays at sight, but will still prosecute her studies in the schoolroom. Mrs. Mellish requires good references, and will pay forty pounds a year."

"Humph! Well, as the eldest daughter evidently is beyond tuition, I suppose she is to be in the schoolroom to spy on the governess. Forty pounds a year, and to go home for dinner! How magnificent! especially as the lady lives at Trim and I in Dublin, thus necessitating a change of residence."

"Throw that stupid note aside, Mary; no use to answer that."

"Number two;" said Mary, and, opening the envelope, she read aloud the following:

"Mrs. Kennedy requires a daily governess for her two daughters, aged eleven and fourteen. If M. F. can arrange for five hours daily, and can give lessons in Italian, as well as French and German, Mrs. Kennedy will be glad to see her to-morrow, at three o'clock."

"That is no use, either, Mary."

And then Mary opened the third letter. It ran as follows:

"Mrs. Dillon requires a daily governess for her three daughters, and will be happy to see M. F. any time in the forenoon of to-morrow, Wednesday."

"Well, who knows? now, perhaps I shall get this situation; and I can manage the distance too (Merion Square is barely an hour's walk from here), so I hope Aunt Katie will not talk again of breaking up the little home in which we are so happy together."

A sigh was the only response, and Mary observed—

"Well, I declare, I have forgotten Aunt Nelly's letter. Let us hear what she has to say; but I must make haste, for it is half-past nine already, and I have not finished my first cup of tea; and—oh, what a long letter! nevertheless, I shall read it at once." So saying, Mary read as follows:

"MY DEAR MARY: It seems an age already since I came to this odious country, though really it is but four months since I left Ireland. I long to hear from home, and hope dear Kathleen is better as regards her health; indeed, my dear, I have every reason to hope she is recovered, for I much wish to have you with me, but would not think of asking you to come if my sister is still ill."

Here Mary dropped the letter.

"Me go to Canada," she said, "and leave you, my dear one. Why, Aunt Nelly must be out of her senses! Indeed, I shall not think of such a thing," and pausing, to pour out a second cup of tea, she looked up, and saw the tears gather in Kathleen's eyes, which she rose to kiss away and then resumed her letter.

"There is a sort of vulgar profusion here, Mary, and withal a want of the little refinements middle-class people are accustomed to

in the old country. My husband's daughters are rough, boorish young women, who seem to look upon me as an interloper, and have taken umbrage, forsooth, because I will not learn of them how to spin yarn, and make soap and candles, and are in a great rage at their father having ordered one of the best pianos for me, from Toronto. Well, my dear Mary, I had warm words with both of them this morning, and as I preferred gathering flowers and reading, to assisting them in their household duties, about which they feel no difficulty, I left them very busy, and thinking about home, my thoughts naturally enough recurred to you, and I made up my mind to wheedle John into letting me send for you. I have told him, I am sure you will come for thirty pounds a year—"

Here Mary exclaimed indignantly, "But I will do nothing of the kind!"

"—However, my dear, I shall not limit you to that; I shall scrape together money out of the house-keeping, and can help you in this way."

"How dishonorable," said Mary. "Moreover, I can assure Aunt Nelly I am not going at all!"

"—You will have Norah to educate, and as Miss Annie is going to take herself off, her share of household duties will devolve upon you. I shall be glad of your society, Mary, and I hope you will not fail to write that you will come out by the next steamer; if so the inclosed lines, to Messrs. Kelly, of Grafton Street, will insure due receipt of such a sum as you may require for clothing and travelling expenses.

"Now, my dear Mary, do not

fail to come. Give my best love to my sister, and believe me,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"HELEN MORAN.

"CANADA, December 5th, 185-."

"I call that a very cruel letter. Aunt Nelly will have a long while to wait, if she fancies I shall ever go there."

"And yet, perhaps, my darling might do much worse," said the unselfish Kathleen. "However, you know, you have to call on this Mrs. Dillon, and then we can talk about Canada when you have seen her."

"I will not go; I declare I will not go; and I only wish Aunt Nelly had never written to me." And now Mary thoroughly broke down and burst into tears.

"My dear Mary, my darling, why trouble yourself in this way? Nelly asking you to go by no means obliges you to do so."

At that moment a knock was heard at the door, and, as Mary raised her flushed and tearful countenance, an indefinable expression passed over it.

"It is Mr. Darvil's knock," she exclaimed, and she hastened to open the door.

"It is even as I thought," sighed Kathleen. "My poor Mary! I know her secret. Ah! I should have lost her then, even had things been more prosperous. God's will be done!"

"What is the matter, Mary?" said Darvil, on entering the kitchen in which the aunt and niece were taking their humble meal. "Dear Mary, what has disturbed you this morning?—your tearful eyes tell a tale that makes me feel very sad."

"Everything goes wrong, Mr.

Darvil. Here is dear Aunt Katie breaking my heart by talking of going out again; as if a nervous woman, half an invalid still, was fit for the life of a dependant; and then I have had some odious letters—letters of rich people, trying to get all they can for next to nothing. And to sum it all up, there's a letter from Aunt Nelly, asking me to go and live with her in Canada."

Mary evidently thought this the crowning trial of all; for burying her face in her hands, she sobbed aloud.

"To Canada—to Canada!" exclaimed Darvil, and then there was a long pause. Kathleen looked up, and beheld in his handsome countenance an expression of the utmost consternation.

Truly had she read their secret. "Will you go to Canada, dear Mary—Miss FitzMaurice, I mean?"—at length faltered out Darvil.

"I do not want to go: nay, I dread the idea; but what is to be done, Mr. Darvil? If I cannot get work, I must go—and leave Aunt Katie, and you, and Ireland, and—and all I have ever cared for. My last card is in this letter;" and here she held out that about which she was going to make application.

"Mary, dear Mary, by that name suffer me to call you; fortune frowns very darkly upon us both; but, please God, the storm may clear away yet. Miss FitzMaurice," he added, addressing himself to Kathleen, "you stand in the place of a mother—nay, more than a mother to one whom I have learned to love for her many virtues. If she will honor me with her hand, and you will sanction my choice, I

will trust sooner or later to be in a position to claim her for my wife; and when that day shall come, doubly happy shall I be if the fond relative who has so truly cherished her will take up her abode beneath the shadow of our roof-tree."

Mary was seated next to Kathleen, and her arm stole lovingly round her waist. "That will be all that will be requisite to insure my happiness," said she, smiling through her tears, like a beam of sunshine through the watery clouds on an April day.

"My darling, I guessed your secret," replied Kathleen, resting her hand on the golden locks of her niece. "You have my permission, Mr. Darvil, to woo and to win my dearest Mary. Nothing would please me better than the consciousness, when I am passing away, that she is the wife of the son of my dearest friend Ella."

"Ah! amidst my joy, I may not forget the cause of my journey here," said Darvil; "it was even about my poor mother—she becomes violent—is now exuberant in her mirth, then buried in despondency; is a prey to the most terrible delusions, oftentimes addresses me as if I were not her son, and against my own good sense and reason, I am plunged in doubt when I consider her reticence, or when I have questioned her about my father. But something must be done. She has her little annuity of fifty pounds. I must see, if her sad state of mind continues—if—if—the worst should happen, and that before I get employment, if I can get her received in an asylum, by paying that sum annually. My dear, dear mother! I am not

ashamed, Miss Fitz Maurice, that you and Mary should witness my grief—" and as he spoke, he wiped away the tears that filled his eyes. "But even this last step I must contemplate, and it is a hard struggle this—to part with my mother, in the days of her age and her sickness. Unselfish and most affectionate of mothers, this fear has haunted me by night and by day, and gradually hope has waxed fainter and fainter, as I see this painful malady gaining such an ascendancy over her."

"Have you never yet heard from Ashleigh Thorpe, Mr. Darvil?" asked Kathleen.

"Never; the letter was returned to me, with the words written upon it—'Gone abroad; address not known.'"

"And should my dearest Ella grow worse, where would you place her?"

"That is even now the subject of my inquiry, and has been since I last saw you both; but I am on the rack, Miss Fitz Maurice, unable to get employment, fearful of losing the little I still hold, as writer for the — Magazine, yet with no spirit to pen a single article, my pen falls idly from my hand as my dearest mother's unmeaning platitudes fall upon my ear; or, perchance she be in a sorrowful or passionate mood, my trouble is equally the same. I need not tell you that I have had advice, that two certificates can be procured, but how terrible the knowledge that she is in such a state as to need them."

"You have no asylum in view?"

"Yes. There is St. Julien's, in Belgium, to which she might be removed, but there is much against

it—the painfulness of the journey, rendered even more fatiguing by the fact of our being in Dublin,—the great chance there is that I may never see her again in life or death,—my grief that her remains will repose in a foreign country; nevertheless, I must place her there, if obliged, as I am told I shall be, to put her under restraint, as the county asylums are not to be thought of.”

“And should this sad alternative of placing her under restraint be adopted, Mr. Darvil, do you intend *yourself* to take your dear mother away? Surely this will be too much, apart from the difficulty you will experience as a gentleman, especially during that part of the journey which must be made by sea.”

“I have no choice but to do so, Miss Fitz Maurice; I have no female relative in the world who can take such a painful office off my hands.”

“But you have a female friend, Mr. Darvil; my poor Ella has a friend, and, terribly painful as the journey will doubtless be, she is prepared to venture that and much more than that, to testify her love and friendship. If dearest Ella *must* go, why, then, let the friend of her youth convey her to the asylum you may choose.”

“Dear Miss Fitz Maurice, how can I enough thank you for such unlooked for kindness? But your delicate state of health—the nature of the office you undertake, weigh everything well before you decide, and do you and dear Mary spend the evening with me and my poor mother; we shall not make a very merry party under the circum-

stances, but still, your presence and that of Mary, for a long evening, will be a great joy to me.”

“Assuredly we will come, and very early too. But hark! I hear Mary coming; I missed her during our conversation. She has been dressing to go about this situation.”

Here Mary entered the room, her face, lately so overclouded, now wearing an expression of satisfaction, and, copying the address of the letter into her pocket-book, she took leave of her aunt, young Darvil accompanying her part of the way, his home lying in that direction.

“What a world, what a world!” sighed Mary, a few hours after her return, “how hard to get one’s bread. Only think of that woman who answered my advertisement, surveying me from head to foot, and then telling me I was too short of stature to be governess to her children. I too short, indeed,” and here Mary drew up her pretty figure, just of the middle height, and added, “methinks she had best advertise for a grenadier guard to teach her daughters. I never shall forget what I felt as I stood, Aunt Katie, in her elegant room, and beheld her scan me from head to foot, and then say stiffly, as if she had been bargaining for a slave in a market-place, ‘You are much too short, and would have no authority with my daughters.’ But time draws on, and Edward wished us to be early on this, the last evening we shall spend together.”

“Do not speak so sadly, Mary; please God, we shall pass many happy days together yet, and you know, love, *I* have never wished you to go to Canada.”

"We cannot live upon air, Aunt Katie, and, of course, everything tends to depression of spirits, the prospects of *all* of us are so bad."

"'When the night is at the darkest, the dawn is at the nearest;' have faith, mavourneen, you will see God will not abandon you, though the ocean be between us. And come, show a brighter face, or you will never be fit for the evening before us."

At length Mary, who, we are loth to say, was what folks in the North call being short-tempered, cooled down a little, and accompanied Kathleen to the home of their friends.

There was a great change visible in Ella. The few weeks that had intervened since she had last called on Kathleen had done sad work. She did not rise as they entered the room, but sat still, with folded hands, looking on them with a doubtful, perplexed gaze.

"Do you not remember me, dear Ella?" said Kathleen, taking hold of the thin, wasted hand, and kissing the pallid cheek.

"Why, I really do not know who you are, though I fancy I have seen you before."

"You do not remember your old friend Kathleen Fitz Maurice?"

"Oh, yes! how stupid of me, to be sure I do," she replied, and then gazed wistfully in the face of her friend, and after a moment's pause, touching her forehead with her hand, she said:

"All is dark, and troubled, and confused. Am I going mad? it is a question I often ask myself."

"No, no! You must not think of such things; you are not well,

that is all. Now sit down and talk to me."

Vainly Kathleen tried to draw the unfortunate Ella into conversation; she made random replies, not at all to the purpose, or strayed off to some other topic, or her answers were incoherent, or she babbled like a child; and after having relapsed into silence, and when her adopted son, and Kathleen, and Mary had engaged in conversation she passed, unheeded, from the room, and caused them to start with terror, as, a few moments later, they heard a violent crash in the room above stairs, followed rapidly by other noises of the same description.

Unhappy Ella! The looking-glass was shattered into fifty pieces, the bed furniture, violently torn from the rings that confined it to the cornice, lay in a large heap on the floor, and, one after another, sundry little articles of shepherds and shepherdesses, in china, much admired by the mistress of the house, were swept ruthlessly into the fire-place.

A large woman, of angry feature and shrewish voice, rushed up the stairs, exclaiming—

"Mr. Darvil, I won't put up with it. No one would. You must be after removing your mother from my house, or I'll have her taken to the county asylum, as sure as my name's Flannagan. The woman's mad, that's about the truth of it, and when you came to me you took me in, telling me she was only a bit childish."

Ah, what a scene! Ella, poor Ella, had flung herself on a heap of curtains and was sobbing aloud, whilst Edward stood moodily, an

expression of horror on his handsome countenance.

"I will pay for the damage, to the utmost farthing," he said.

"You can't replace my broken china, that I valued so much; beside, I won't have a mad woman here, not I. I pity the poor young gentleman, that's what I does," she added, addressing Kathleen, "but these disturbances must not be after going on here. There's my poor young lodger up stairs not well at all, and she's rale frightened to leave her room lest she should meet Mrs. Darvil. Now, sir, tell me the truth, when *are* you going to remove your mother? Why, only this morning, you knew she was after knocking at the door two mortal hours, because she wanted to go to other folks' rooms; and now see what she's done in her own room. Why would you have such a power of pride, sir, and not let her go to the county asylum?"

"Woman, be silent," thundered out the poor young man. "In twenty-four hours my poor unfortunate mother will leave your house forever."

Then Kathleen induced her unhappy friend to accompany her to the parlor, and, the tea equipage being brought in, distracting the attention of Ella, the conversation turned to other topics.

It was impossible, however, to shake off the feeling of depression which weighed upon the minds of all.

Here was one, who was the most affectionate of sons, about, himself, to place under needful restraint the most beloved of mothers. By his side sat a good and lovely girl who, under more prosperous circum-

stances, would at once have united her fate with his, but a stern sense of duty, as well as their own present poverty, forbade their union for a time, for they had each their respective duties to fulfil.

Kathleen was ever ready to sacrifice self when the good of her neighbor could be effected, still she was fully alive to the difficulties of the step she had voluntarily undertaken, and she shuddered at the thought of the journey with poor Ella.

Again, a weight of sorrow lay on the hearts of both aunt and niece, for they *knew* that on the return of Kathleen they must both part; that the offer made by Mrs. Moran must be accepted, and a presentiment she could not shake off filled the mind of Kathleen with a conviction that she and her beloved Mary would meet no more on this side the grave, and it was only by a violent effort she could force back her tears.

Poor Ella, too far demented to be aware that arrangements were being made in which she had any concern, sat quietly sipping her tea, ever and again making some almost unintelligible observation; whilst Darvil and Kathleen arranged together the matters connected with the departure to Belgium.

CHAPTER XX.

ST. JULIEN'S.

"I THINK dear Mrs. Darvil's clothes are all put together now," said Mary, as she placed the last article within a small leathern trunk; "Oh! Aunt Katie, how wretched I shall be till I see you return from this long journey. I

wish you had let me take her to Bruges instead. I am sure you are not well enough to undertake the charge."

"All will be well, love. You will see, God helps the willing heart. I could not suffer that poor young man to undertake this sad office. I feel it bitterly enough, and Ella is but my friend—not my mother. As to you, Mary, love, you are too young to take such a charge. I shall only stay in Bruges one day, and then return to London by the next boat, and we will have a quiet week together, love, before—before you go to Canada," she added in a low, husky voice; for you know Mary was all the world to Kathleen. Little, indeed, did the former fully realize how she watched and fretted through many of the long hours of the silent night. It would not have been well had she done so. Mary, poor girl, fancied she had all the tears to herself, and sometimes felt half inclined to consider her aunt wondrous apathetic. How little did she know that the sponge and cold water were constantly in requisition to bathe the heavy eyes, which Mary laid to the constant nervous headaches under which Kathleen now suffered more than ever.

"Canada! oh, yes, the day will come, aunt, we cannot put it off," said the girl, her tears falling on the lid of the trunk, which she was now fastening.

"Cheer up, mavourneen, Darvil will make way, I am sure, and then you will come back, and we will all be happy together." And as Kathleen said this her heart smote her for the false hope she was infusing into Mary: for the eyes of her soul

were even then looking forward, not to earthly reunions, but to the home for the patient wayfarer, in the kingdom of Heaven.

The dreaded evening appointed for the removal of the truly unfortunate Ella had come at last, and oh! the sorrow of that day; who can tell the grief, but those who have passed through the ordeal?

Man as he was, Darvil was quite unnerved. How he had prayed that this trial might pass away, none but God and himself knew. It was not to be. The death angel *would* not come to strike down the enfeebled, suffering woman. What an exquisite relief would this have been; how would *he* have hailed its approach.

"Where are you going to take me, Katie?" asked poor Ella.

"We are going to stay with some friends, love," was the reply.

"Well, I will go anywhere with you, but not with any one else."

And so, in the soft quiet of the evening, they sallied forth; hapless Ella's sorrowful doom was fixed.

Fortunately, the night was calm and tranquil, the sea smooth as a mirror. Ella, too far gone to observe that they were in a vessel, asked no questions, and was perfectly passive, permitting Kathleen to remove her dress and help her into her berth, whilst she occupied a sofa by her side; and, contrary to her expectations, after about an hour's incoherent rambling, Ella dropped off into a sound sleep.

Safely arrived in Liverpool on the following morning, she then booked through to London; accomplishing this half of her journey without much difficulty.

Not only was there no boat to

Ostend for two days, but Kathleen felt the necessity of a little quiet rest for herself and her afflicted friend, and for this purpose she engaged a small room at one of the hotels in the neighborhood of the station, though she encountered much difficulty in keeping her from rambling about the house.

Once, when walking up and down leaning on Kathleen's arm, she paused suddenly, and exclaimed in a sharp, loud voice:

"Take me home; I do not like to stop here. Take me home, I say."

Not only would the words of the unfortunate lady have attracted the attention of any person on whose ear they might fall, seeing that the steamer was fast getting clear of Herne Bay, but the suddenness with which she stopped right before a gentleman who was passing by, and the loud key in which she spoke, made him also pause.

Kathleen's gentle "Do you not see the water all around us, dear Ella?" whilst at the same time she drew aside to make room for the stranger to pass, were unheeded by the latter, and the gentleman observed in a low voice—

"Is the poor lady at all out of her mind, that she insists on going home, while fast getting out to sea?"

Kathleen bowed an assent, and at the same time raising her eyes to those of the stranger, discovered that he was clad in the garb of a priest.

"I see I address a priest," she

said, "so there need be no concealment. I am deputed by the son of this afflicted lady, who is an early friend of my own, to conduct her to an asylum at Bruges, St. Julien's, they call the place, and—"

"Take me home, Kathleen; take me home directly," Ella again exclaimed; "where is Edward? Why has he let you bring me all this way from home?"

"Come, come, my dear lady," said the priest, "I will take care of you. It is getting very cold, is it not? and beginning to rain very fast. Do you not think, now, we had best go down stairs? If I were you I would go to my berth and try to get a little sleep."

"Ah! yes, it would be much the best," said poor Ella, and, passive as an infant, she allowed the stranger to conduct her to the cabin.

"Come for me, if I can be of any help. Poor lady, poor lady; there is something in her face—a fleeting expression now and then—that reminds me of one I know and love. Do come for me, if I can be of any use. What a terrible malady!" and Kathleen observed him shudder as he spoke.

She returned her warmest thanks; and then, having employed her time in placing Ella in her berth, she obtained a pillow, wrapped a large shawl around her, and lay on the floor beside Ella. Every berth and sofa was occupied, and had this not been the case, Kathleen could not have removed from her friend's side.

(To be continued.)

IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

SAINT IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA, descended from a noble family, was born in 1491, in the north of Spain. He was the youngest of eleven children. Being brought up at court in the capacity of page to the king, he was taught numerous accomplishments. The example of his brothers, who distinguished themselves in the army, led him into military life, and he proved his bravery in several actions. In 1521 he was seriously wounded while gallantly defending Pampe-luna from the French. He suffered very much from his wound, but it pleased God to make it the occasion of his conversion from frivolity of mind to seriousness. During his illness he called for romances, but there being none at hand, he read the books which were brought to him, and these were the lives of our Lord and the Saints. At first he perused these without much attention, but subsequently studied them closely, and casting off the worldly thoughts which had estranged him from God, he resolved to devote his life to the imitation of the saints in their heroic self-denial, and to give every power of his mind and body to the cause of religion.

Having recovered, Ignatius proceeded to the monastery of Montserrat, where he took his vows. He next went to an hospital for pilgrims, and practiced great austerities. At this time, too, he began to write his "Spiritual Exercises," which he afterwards revised and published at Rome. As Ignatius resolved to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he passed from Spain

to Italy, and taking shipping at Venice, reached Jerusalem in the beginning of September, 1523. The sight of the Holy Places filled him with the most ardent feelings of devotion. He wished to remain in Palestine to endeavor to convert the Mahometans, but he was ordered to return to Europe, as his presence was required in Spain by his ecclesiastical superiors.

At the age of thirty-three Ignatius began those studies requisite for his entering on the full honors of the priesthood. He studied first at Barcelona, and subsequently at Alcala. In 1528 he proceeded to Paris, and at this period of his life he visited England. In Paris he met several students, whose names have come down to us amongst the most distinguished in the history of the Church. One of these was the great St. Francis Xavier.

On the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, in the Subterranean Chapel at Montmartre, Paris, Ignatius and a few companions took a solemn vow to go on a pilgrimage to Palestine, or, if they went not there, to offer themselves to the Pope to be employed in whatever way he considered best. This was the origin of the illustrious SOCIETY OF JESUS, the glory of which has since spread throughout the whole world. Having visited Spain for a time, Ignatius proceeded to meet his companions in Italy, where they were ordained priests. As the pilgrimage to Palestine could not, on account of war, be performed, Ignatius and his companions offered themselves to the Pope to do as he pleased, and being graciously re-

ceived, they were appointed to the discharge of various religious duties. The Society of Jesus was solemnly declared a religious Order by a Bull of Pope Paul III on the 27th of September, 1540, and Ignatius reluctantly accepted the honor of general.

Ignatius lost no time. Without delay he sent missionaries to va-

rious parts of the world. Many of these proved martyrs; but there were always at home many ready to go forth and take the coveted place of danger.

Ignatius discharged the duties which devolved upon him as general of the society, for fifteen years, and died on the 31st of July, 1556. He was canonized in 1622.

RAOUL DE BRUAVANT; OR, THE ATONEMENT.

IN the year 1325 there lived a noble and puissant lord named Raoul de Bruavant. The renown of his valor had extended far beyond the limits of the province in which he lived, and even his palatine, the Count of Ramorantin secretly envied the splendor and pomp in which he lived. In truth, there was little stint in the manor of Bruavant. Hunting, tilting, and feasting were the occupations which succeeded each other every day, and in consequence of the almost royal hospitality of its master, the castle board was usually graced by a numerous company. Whenever the noble banner bearing the eagle and bear passant was unfurled (the arms of Raoul) every one uncovered himself with respect.

An old tradition explained the presence of these two animals on the Bruavant flag.

In the days of the Crusades, the head of the family took the Cross. One night having thrown off his armor, he had fallen asleep on the banks of a stream, when a horrible cry awakened him from his sleep. At a distance of only twenty yards, he beheld a monstrous bear glaring

upon him with a hungry and menacing look. His arms were so far off that he could not defend himself; the knight therefore had recourse to prayer, and earnestly besought the Most High to protect his unworthy servant. The divine intervention was soon manifested, an eagle swooped down upon the bear and pecked out his eyes, which gave the crusader the necessary time to regain his sword and kill the bear.

This miraculous occurrence having been related to St. Louis, the pious monarch, from respect to the Almighty, decreed that from henceforth the bear and the eagle should be the arms of the house of Bruavant.

From the account we have given, we might conceive that Sir Raoul was a very happy knight; nevertheless a cloud overshadowed a sky apparently so serene, and this ocean of pleasure was troubled with one dark wave.

According to the legends of that day, there lived in the neighborhood of the castle, and under the immediate protection of its lord, the Abbot of Moulin-Frou, whose predecessors had ever been wel-

come at the manor house, the ancestors of Raoul uniting the faith of Christians with the courage of knights. From this alliance of the temporal and spiritual power it had resulted that the abbey had been from time to time endowed with farms, water-mills, fields, and vineyards, the proceeds of which were bestowed as alms upon the poor and suffering.

Suddenly the harmony which existed between the castle and the abbey was broken, and all communication ceased.

Raoul had married his bride, who was near of kin, without obtaining the necessary dispensation. His chaplain, a timid old man, accustomed to obey, had blessed their union.

The Abbot of Moulin-Frou took the matter in hand, and having cited his powerful neighbor before his tribunal, condemned him to make an *amende honorable*, and besides to give to the poor the forest of Bruavant with its dependencies. Now, the knight loved hunting exceedingly; his forest abounded in large and small game. To bestow it upon the poor would be to deprive himself of his greatest pleasures. Hence in reply to the ecclesiastical censure he forbade the monks of Moulin-Frou to pass through his forest upon any pretext whatsoever.

This mode of proceeding was not calculated to restore peace between the knight and the monk. The former, whose piety was really greater than his pride, secretly deplored the strife which had risen up. Unfortunately, an incident occurred which rekindled all his anger.

The Knight of Bruavant was one

morning on the point of starting for the chase; his nobles and guests surrounded him, when his young wife presented herself to him, overcome with shame and confusion. At the instigation of the Abbot of Moulin-Frou some poor persons had refused the alms she had offered them, declaring that the gift of a pagan could not be agreeable to God.

Raoul listened with a frowning brow to the account of his wife, then, springing upon his horse, spurred into the forest, followed by his attendants, guests, and an assembly so brilliant that it was the envy of all the lords of the province of Orleans. We have already stated that the delights of the chase were the chief amusements of Sir Raoul Bruavant. St. Hubert had never had a more devoted disciple. That day, however, he was restless and unhappy; even the sound of the horn, the baying of the hounds, the eager voices of the huntsmen, the starting of the game, all failed to distract him.

On a sudden, at the entrance of a narrow gorge, the knight's steed stopped, in the middle of a brisk gallop, and could with difficulty be restrained by the strong arm of his master. The cause of this fright was a procession of monks carrying the Viaticum to a sick person. As rapidly as a lightning flash cuts the air, so did Sir Raoul spring from his horse, and seizing the Abbot of Moulin-Frou by the collar, said:

"Monk, have I not forbidden thee and thine to pass over my land?"

His voice was thick with passion, his face purple with rage.

The Abbot boldly replied:

"God alone is my Master, and

Master of all. In His service I pass through the forest."

"Thou shalt not go one step further!" exclaimed the knight, shaking the priest so rudely that the Ciborium fell from his hand, and the Holy Hosts were scattered upon the ground. A cry of astonishment and indignation arose from the witnesses of the sacrilegious act—of astonishment on the part of the huntsmen, and of indignation from the monks.

"Thou hast trodden under foot the Body of the Saviour of the world," said the Abbot, with stern majesty, "and may God pardon thee! But I invoke upon thee punishment for so abominable a crime."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Raoul, with an impious laugh. "The eagle of Bruavant will crush in his beak thy abbot's staff, and thy mitre will meet with sorry treatment at the hands of my bear."

"Keep this kind of folly for the day on which the thunders of divine justice shall crush thee. Then, noble lord, thou wilt find thyself ignominiously driven from thy domains, from that castle of which thou art so proud, and I take Heaven to witness thou wilt not re-enter it until thy eagle shall fly over thy head, and thy bear shall lick thy hands. God has the power to give life to thy escutcheon, but He works miracles only in favor of His elect. Repent! repent! repent!"

While the abbot spoke the monks had reverently taken up the Holy Hosts, and the companions of Sir Raoul having drawn him aside, the abbot of Moulin-Frou and his escort passed on, and the nobles returned to their sport. But the emotion produced by the terrible

and scandalous scene which they had witnessed oppressed their gayety; an extreme degree of discomfort had frozen their spirits, and insensibly the guests and strangers who had so joyously assembled at Bruavant some hours previously withdrew one by one. They one and all foresaw the fearful consequences of the sacrilege, and by a prudent retreat sought to escape all complicity in the outrage.

One hour after the departure of the Abbot of Moulin-Frou, the Knight of Bruavant, found himself surrounded only by his servants. His friends had disappeared like autumn winds scattered by the first stormy wind.

Absorbed in his own painful reflections, the noble had not at first remarked this desertion. His huntsmen drew his attention to the circumstance by gathering round and awaiting further orders.

"Ah!" he exclaimed bitterly, and glancing round; "the cowards! Well, call the dogs, and let us return to the manor-house."

Two days later, a herald from the Count of Ramorintin brought to the Knight of Bruavant an order to appear before his palatine to answer certain accusations. Secretly irritated by the silent reproach conveyed by the departure of his guests, Raoul seized the parchment, and crushed the seal of the Count under his heel. He then discharged the messenger, bidding him tell his master that his walls were good, his portcullis strong, and his bowmen expert archers.

The result of this insolence soon appeared. One morning the early dawn shone upon a sentence of excommunication posted upon one of

the castle walls, launched against the Knight of Bruavant, and all who by the setting of the sun should not have quitted his service. The bull was torn to pieces by the one whom it most concerned, who immediately ordered his servants to seize any of the vassals of the abbey found upon his land, and hang them without further ceremony. But the same fear which had operated on his guests influenced his servants; hence the yellow light of the setting sun still gilded the forest trees, when Sir Raoul and his wife found themselves alone in their stately home.

The castle was taken possession of by the Count of Ramorintin, and ere one week had elapsed from the time of the unhappy scene in the forest, Sir Raoul de Bruavant lay in a dungeon, awaiting his doom at the hands of his palatine.

On the day appointed for the trial the unfortunate noble appeared before the Count de Ramorintin and all the Counts of Sologne. He did not deny any of the accusations brought against him, contenting himself with stating in explanation the old feud between Bruavant and Moulin-Frou. The judges did not consider this an extenuating circumstance, and therefore condemned him to pay a fine of ten thousand crowns, and to be banished forever from the land, his possessions being meanwhile confiscated.

The Lady of Bruavant brought the sum, having sacrificed to procure it her jewels, and even her coronet.

When the gold and silver had been weighed, and the stones valued, the Count of Ramorintin rose and said—

“Raoul, one month is granted

thee to leave thy beautiful land, which thou hast dishonored by thy treachery to God, and brutal treatment of one of his worthy servants.”

“Noble Count,” replied the condemned, “I bend to the sentence, which is just. One thing, however, I demand at the hands of my accuser.”

“What may that be?” inquired the Abbot.

“Thou didst tell me that when the eagle should fly over my head, and the bear lick my hands, I should re-enter Bruavant.”

“Yes.”

“Then if God—God merciful and good—should work this miracle, and give life to my escutcheon, may I return to the manor of my ancestors?”

“Yes! If God should work this miracle; for you would then be one of his elect.”

Twenty-two years after the banishment of Sir Raoul de Bruavant, a holy man traversed the uncultivated wastes of the Sologne, tending the sick, assisting the poor, and comforting the unhappy. He had come, it was said, from the Holy Land, where, during many years, he had been the honor and the edification of the Thebaid, being oftentimes in danger of dying from hunger, had not an eagle and a bear provided for his wants. Wherever he passed the eagle was seen flying over his head, the bear licking his hands.

This man was Raoul de Bruavant, who by his contrition and penance had purged his soul from its guilt, and whom God permitted to return to Bruavant, where he founded an order of nuns, which existed till the revolution of 1789.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SPOKEN WORD, or the Art of Ex-temporary Preaching; its Utility, its Danger, and its True Idea, with an Easy and Practical Method for its Attainment. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Missionary College of All-Hallows, author of "Sacred Eloquence, or the Theory and Practice of Preaching," "The Pastor and his People, or the Word of God and the Flocks of Christ," &c., &c. Boston: P. Donahoe, 1872. Received from P. F. Cunningham.

We give in full the somewhat lengthy title-page of this most useful work, in order that those for whom it is principally intended may the better appreciate the value of such a book, from an author so capable of handling its subject-matter. In European countries preaching is generally the only duty incumbent upon a certain order of priests, who, from their peculiar fitness for this avocation and the absence of all distracting employments which enables them to devote their whole time to the studied preparation of sermons and conferences, are known as "preachers." But in a country like ours, where clergymen, from the fewness of "the laborers in the vineyard," find themselves overburdened with general missionary duties, the same elaborate preparation for sacred discourses cannot be given. This is to be regretted for several excellent reasons, principally for the sake of the preaching itself, for although all religious instruction be in a certain sense the outpouring of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the efficacy of which depends always more on the disposition of the hearer than the efforts of the preacher, still it is undoubtedly true that the latter is largely responsible for the effective force of the truths he enunciates, and so is bound to do his utmost that they be inculcated in a proper manner; especially is this necessary in a practically anti-Catholic country such as ours, because the Protestant sys-

tem, giving as it does a necessarily undue prominence to preaching, its votaries naturally, in their occasional gropings after truths, as evinced in their not unfrequent visits to Catholic churches, expect to have Catholic doctrine expounded to them in a style as becoming as they would hear it from their own plush-mounted pulpits by men who get large salaries for the simple purpose of delivering one eloquent moral discourse weekly, and with whom, since "preaching" is a livelihood, it behooves them to dispense it according to the accepted laws of trade—the best article commanding the best paying "call." Now the Catholic mind, on the contrary, is so habituated to the worship of the great unbloody sacrifice of Calvary that the sermon becomes of secondary consideration, hence a certain degree of carelessness is liable to influence its preparation; while, on the other hand, the influence of the Protestant system of constant *sermonizing*, and the necessity of frequency and thoroughness in training the Catholics of a comparatively missionary and anti-Catholic country in the teachings moral and doctrinal of their faith, have gradually brought about this result, that we have in America more preaching and of a poorer quality than in any other quarter of the evangelized globe; we speak of course of the *style*, not of the substance of Catholic sermons. Neither do we deny that we have among us many great pulpit orators, but after all, oratory is not *fervor*, and that both orators and *fervid* preachers are fewer among us than they ought to be is, perhaps, a self-evident fact.

Father Potter's work, therefore, recommends itself not only to those of our clergymen who are obliged to mount the pulpit with little or no preparation, but also to those more favored ones who have the opportunity of dispensing the word of God in a proper style and with due regard for time, place, and auditors.

THE BOOK OF THE HOLY ROSARY.
 London: Burns, Oates & Co. New
 York: Catholic Publication Society.
 Received from Peter F. Cunningham,
 216 South Third Street.

October brings us, appropriately, this gem among other religious books. We wish that all Catholic practices could be taught to an unbelieving world, and even to the uninstructed of "the household of the Faith," in as delicate and elegant manner as Father Formly has conveyed in this exposition, which he aptly styles "a remedy against unbelief, the hidden beauties and doctrinal essence of that oldest, dearest, and widest spread devotion, the Rosary of Our Blessed Lady." Most truly does the reverend author designate it as "either the joyous social prayer of a multitude, or the pious exercise of complete solitude," for, indeed, the rosary, like a silver chain, links Catholics throughout the world in a common bond of devotion, the magic centre of whose circle is Mary's throne. We were particularly struck with this thought recently, by hearing a Quakeress, a lady of finely cultivated talents, and entirely free from prejudice or bigotry, remark, on her return from a European tour, to a Catholic friend: "Wherever I went in the churches of Europe I found the people always earnestly engaged in telling their beads. The old man would come into church, drop on his knees, pull out his beads and begin to pray most lustily, then the old woman, bent perhaps with disease, would follow suit; the blooming young girl, the hardy boy, the fiercely mustached soldier, the noble lady in her silks and velvets would kneel together unconcerned in the dust of the pavement; all alike absorbed in the one great idea of running over the beads. Tell me what kind of a devotion is that in which rich and poor, young and old, high and low are equally at home?" The book before us consists of a series of fifteen meditations, one for each mystery of the rosary. These meditations are subdivided, one section being on the mystery proper and its "fruit," the others on the prefiguring Old Testament types of the sacred event commemorated in the mystery. Each of these subdi-

visions is illustrated with a handsome woodcut. While these engravings are all exceedingly fine, those representing the "Assumption" and "Coronation" are really exquisite in design and execution. There is also an introductory meditation on "the union of knowledge and prayer," and a general introductory to each part, with a brief biographical notice of each of the Fathers of the Church and celebrated authors who have written most extensively on this devotion, and from whose writings the meditations are largely composed. The design of the title-page and covers is chaste and beautiful, and with the heavy tinted and gilt-edged paper, forms a fit setting for the valuable contents. We specially recommend this book to Catholics as suitable for a useful and rich Christmas present during the coming holiday season.

AMBITIOUS CONTEST, OR FAITH AND INTELLECT. By "Christini." Boston: P. Donahoe, 1872. Received from Peter F. Cunningham.

An excellent little tale tending to show how pride of intellect and unregulated ambition will degrade a naturally noble mind. It also touches upon some of the popular evils of the day, such as secret societies, woman's rights, as exemplified in such characters as Victoria C. Woodhull, *et id omne genus*; and endeavors to demonstrate that faith and obedience to the voice of the church is the only remedy for these evils of our day. We must take this opportunity of protesting against the *mean* style of publication which Mr. Donahoe has adopted of late for most of his Catholic tales. We had an idea, until we glanced over the work under consideration, that, notwithstanding its high-sounding title, it was merely a *nursery tale* for young folks, the fine type being intended to develop rapidly their ocular abilities. It does not follow that because the Church inculcates "simplicity," that therefore Catholics are childish, or that because as the poet says, "Men are but children of a larger growth," that therefore Mr. Donahoe is specially called upon to accommodate solely their juvenile instincts. We hope he will give us something better hereafter.

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